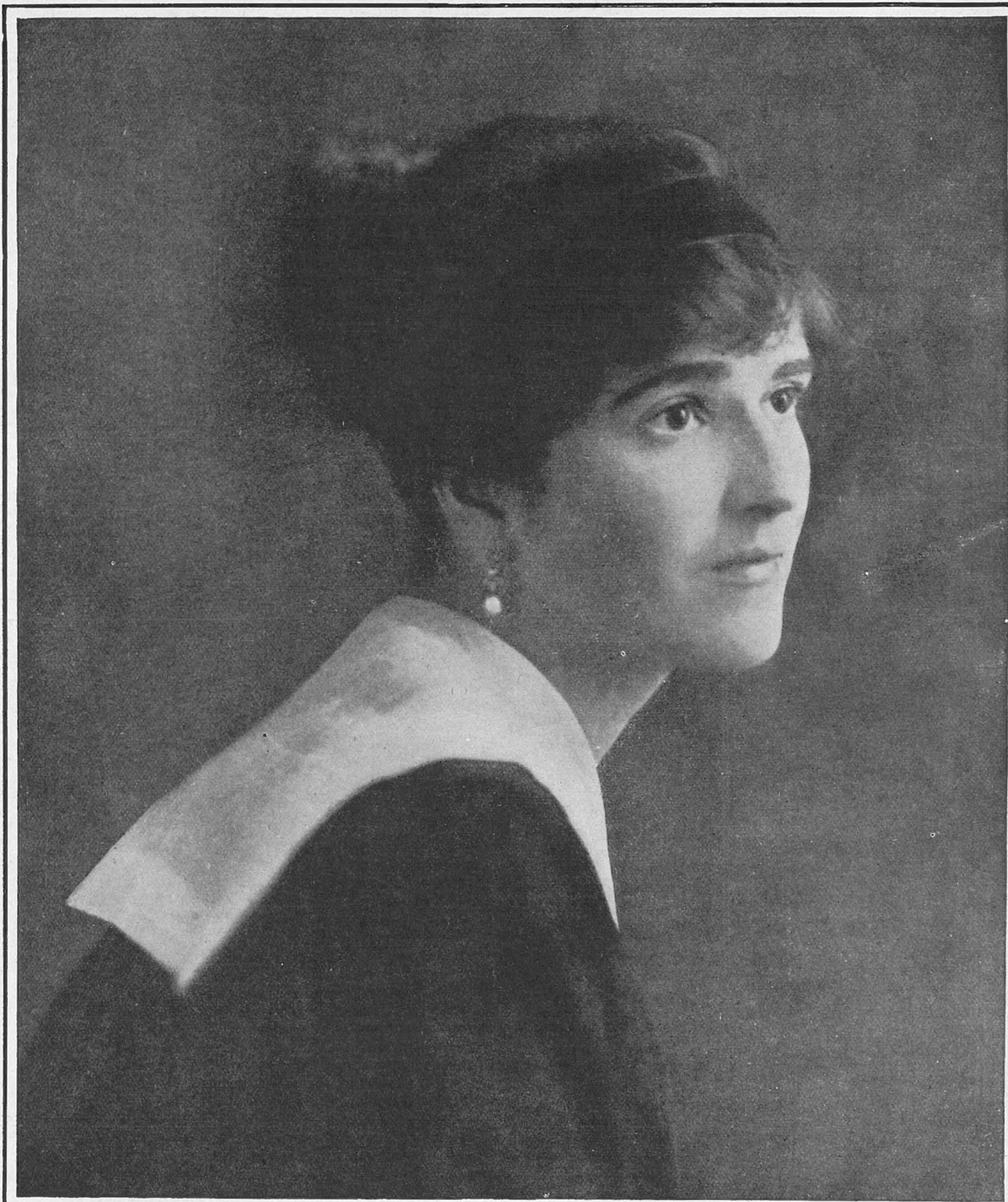


The Sketch

No. 1327.—Vol. CIII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1918

ONE SHILLING.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE EARL OF LEVEN AND MELVILLE: LADY ROSAMOND FOLJAMBE.

Lady Rosamond Sylvia Diana Mary Foljambe is the youngest daughter of the first Earl of Liverpool and half-sister of the present holder of the title, who is Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand. Captain the Earl of Leven and Melville is in the Dragoons, has served

in the present war, and was wounded in 1914. He was born in 1890, and succeeded to the title in 1913. Lord Leven and Melville is the thirteenth Earl of Leven and the twelfth Earl of Melville. Lady Rosamond Foljambe was born in 1893.—[*Photograph by Val l'Estrange.*]

MOTLEY NOTES

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY—GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

Etiquette v. Patriotism.

Here is a pretty question of literary etiquette. When is an author justified in calling attention to his own book? Well, I think I might venture to compile a list, by no means exhaustive, of palliating circumstances—

- (1) When he does not stand to benefit financially by so much as a groat.
- (2) When the book has been written and published from purely patriotic motives.
- (3) When the root and sole idea of the book is to bring home to the people of a great nation one of the most splendid deeds in their history.
- (4) When the book has been written to the order of a Government Department.
- (5) When facilities for the writing of the book have been afforded by no less a Government Department than His Majesty's Admiralty Office.
- (6) When the Censor in Chief of His Majesty's Admiralty Office has passed the whole of the contents untouched.
- (7) When the book has been read and passed with unqualified approval by leading men of all professions and proved patriotism.
- (8) When the book contains matter of thrilling and historic interest which could never otherwise reach the hands of the public.

If those reasons are insufficient, friend the reader, condemn me out of hand. For I hereby call your attention, unblushingly, to "The Glory of Zeebrugge," price one shilling, just published by Chatto and Windus under official seal.

British Imagination.

It is a platitude to hurl at the British nation that they lack imagination. For myself, I do not believe this to be true. They are not, of course, so easily stirred as certain other nations. They are inclined to be sceptical; and this war, heaven knows, with all its rumours and rumours of rumours, has given them cause enough for scepticism. But once prove to them that there is justification for enthusiasm, once give them the opportunity of hearing in detail the story of a particularly gallant action, taken from the very lips of the central characters, and you will find no lack of imagination among the people of these islands.

Why should we hide our own light under our own bushel?

America realised, in a flash, the meaning of Zeebrugge. America is reproducing this little book by tens of thousands. Canada has expressed a keen wish to do likewise. Scandinavia, Spain, Holland, Denmark, and other neutral countries are eager to have the opportunity of reading in their respective languages the stories that Captain Carpenter, Commander Sandford, and their equally heroic colleagues have to tell.

Can it be true that the generality of the London Press believe the subject to be so dead and done for that it is not worth a couple of lines?

DISTRESSING AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A GOOSEBERRY.

March 1.—I am born.

April 1.—I am observed.

May 1.—I grow round.

June 1.—I am proudly displayed.

June 2.—I am envied.

June 3.—I await sugar.

June 4.—I await sugar with anxiety.

June 5.—I imperiously demand sugar.

June 6.—I cry aloud to heaven for sugar.

June 7.—Joy! My sugar arrives!

June 8.—I am still on the tree. Can it be that—?

June 9.—I am still on the tree. There is doubt as to my future.

June 10.—There is talk of my being sold.

June 11.—I learn that I am not allowed to be sold.

June 12.—I am wept over. The sun shines on the salt tear.

June 13.—I begin, despite my efforts, to ripen.

June 14.—My slight rubicund tinge is observed.

June 15.—A committee meeting is held to decide my fate.

June 16.—Some odious creature suggests a bottle!

June 17.—I try my hardest to die of over-ripeness.

June 18.—Too late! I am picked and thrust into a discarded jam-jar!

Return of the Good Old Days.

The war grows stranger and stranger. We have been told, first of all somewhat freshly, then a little tiresomely, finally to the point of satiety, that the old days have gone, never to return. England, henceforth, is to be new—quite, quite new.

We believe it. Women get the vote and girls stroll about in breeches. Gentlemen of one-and-fifty discover that they are mere lads. Londoners play cards whilst bombs fall in the next street. The Old Bailey is converted, for the nonce, into a "madhouse." (Mr. Justice Darling is my authority for this statement, I think.) Jam becomes more precious than champagne. The "American invasion" is increased by a hundredfold, and we hail the fact with joy. Your newsagent makes a favour of selling you a paper.

All these things are new. Quite, quite new. Dear old England is as new as a new pin.

Yet the ancient days are not, after all, quite dead. What is this I read in my Sunday journal?

"Three new plays in one week, all dealing with different aspects of mistaken identity."

And again, in another column—

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC.

WHAT TO DO TO AVOID SERIOUS ILLNESS.

And what do you do? Something new? "Go to bed and stay there."



A GIDDY WIFE CURED BY JEALOUSY: MISS MARGARET HALSTAN AS LAURA BARTLETT IN "FAIR AND WARMER," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Miss Margaret Halstan acts with great skill in the American farce at the Prince of Wales's, as a frivolous wife whose sedate husband regains her by giving her apparent cause for jealousy.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



A BRIDE OF LAST WEEK: MISS SYBIL BARTON.

The wedding of Miss Sybil Barton, to Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Lionel S. Bayley, D.S.O., Royal Artillery, took place on June 26 at St. Jude's Church, Courfield Gardens, South Kensington, S.W., in the afternoon.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

WAR; WEDLOCK; AND WORLD POLITICS: LONDON OCCASIONS.



THE WEDDING OF MAJOR L. J. HAILEY GARDINER, A.S.C., AND MISS M. L. FAWSITT, AT GROVE PARK: THE BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, AND BRIDESMAIDS.



AFTER THE V.C. FROM THE KING—A ROSE FROM THE PREMIER'S WIFE: SERGEANT HAROLD JACKSON, V.C., "RE-DECORATED" BY MRS. LLOYD GEORGE.



THE GATHERED STATESMANSHIP OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL WAR CONFERENCE IN THE GARDEN AT 10, DOWNING STREET.

In the lower group, from left to right, are: (Front Row) Mr. W. F. Massey, the Maharajah of Patiala, Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. W. M. Hughes, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Joseph Cook, Hon. W. F. Lloyd; (Middle Row) Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, Sir Joseph Ward, Hon. N. W. Rowell, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. G. N. Barnes, Lord Curzon, General Smuts,

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Hon. J. A. Calder, Hon. H. Burton, Mr. E. S. Montagu, Sir Joseph Maclay, General Sir G. M. Macdonagh; (Back Row) Sir William Weir, General Sykes, Colonel G. Lambert, Colonel Amery, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Maurice Hankey, Hon. A. Meighen, Sir S. P. Sinha, and Colonel Storr.—[Photographs by Langfieri, Newspaper Illustrations, Ltd., and Vandyk.]



A Risk to Lord Ribblesdale.

The usual cars that rush and flaunt their way down Piccadilly and Bond Street as though their little petrol-minds imagine that they are back in the brave old days of Bioklands received a very serious surprise the other day. Their progress was barred, not by other gay and festive motors, but by a procession of mid-Victorian-looking coaches! I think the grey-matter of the motors was very disturbed by this prehistoric apparition. At least one car shied and very nearly drove the picturesque figure of Lord Ribblesdale into a hat-shop window. His Lordship is always decorative—perhaps the most decorative peer that we possess in these attenuated days—but he is certainly not the proper decoration for a Piccadilly hat-shop window!



A WIRELESS HERO HONOURED: THE MEMORIAL TO DOUGLAS MORRIS HARRIS, A.B., R.N.V.R., AT WOLVERHAMPTON, UNVEILED.

Harris was killed at his post on board a drifter in the Adriatic attacked by three Austrian cruisers. The memorial was unveiled by Major Mark Kerr.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

At the Sign of the Red Cross Pearls. The cause of the congestion—it is a good thing to know that "congestion" is sometimes the proper word—was a fleet of royal carriages approaching, with a stately grace reminiscent of a statelier age than our own, the boundaries of the Grafton Galleries, where there happened to be a private view of the Red Cross Pearl Collection. I hastened along the noble terraces of Bond Street (although there was no need to hasten, for a wounded soldier on a pair of crutches managed to make quite a close finish of it in a race with a leisurely royal horse), and arrived at the Grafton Galleries just as the Queen, in a beautiful hat adorned with all sorts of flowers, walked up the stairs accompanied by Princess Mary, who looked particularly nice in staid Puritan grey. It is generally remarked by those who have seen her of late that England's Princess is growing daily more charming; but I could not add any fresh testimony to the general verdict on this occasion, as her face was shadowed with a wide-brimmed



"The supplementary war pay received by railway clerical staffs is estimated at between six and seven million pounds per annum."—Daily Paper.

The Porter: "That's a nice affair, that is—and 'ere's me 'ard up for a tanner!"

the Galleries, officialdom asserted itself in no uncertain fashion; doors were banged, barred, and bolted, and all sorts of prominent people clamoured and cried

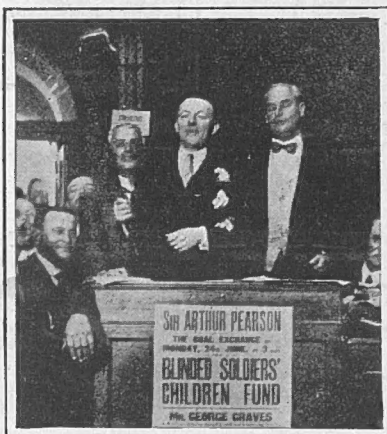
for admission, but in vain, just as I have seen all sorts of obscure people clamour and cry for admission at the doors of an overcrowded theatre-gallery. It was amusing to note that one of the first persons to be held up by the stern hand of "Beadle Bumble" was Princess Patricia. A little later, however, somebody amongst the Beadles with a far-seeing eye recognised Princess Pat, evidently vouched for her good character, and she was admitted. I myself was graciously permitted to take a peep at the pearls afterwards. I cannot pretend to give you any description of them. They were simply dazzling. In fact, I have been dazzled ever since.

Lauder, Writer. Somebody has just sent me a most handsomely bound volume called "The Minstrel in France." This is a book by Harry Lauder, and I understand that at the present moment he has almost supplanted the late Robert Burns in the hearts of that collection of enthusiasts known as the Burns Club. I have read the book, and find it well written and distinctly interesting. It is pleasant to be able to congratulate Mr. Lauder on his literary efforts, because I am told he wrote every word of it himself. If you are a worldly person you know already that quite a number of books that appear under the signatures of stage favourites and prominent postcard beauties are never seen by their alleged authors until a number of copies are dumped on the breakfast-table or the bed for the purposes of autograph-writing. I once had the honour of being on friendly terms with a well-known figure in the sporting world who was a brilliant man in his sphere of life, although he was able neither to read nor write. Nevertheless, his signature appeared over the sporting column in a weekly paper for a number of years.



THE OPENER OF THE WASHINGTON INN: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT THE ENTRANCE, WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The Washington Inn for American and Allied Officers, in St. James's Square, was opened last week by the Duke of Connaught.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



A FAMOUS COMEDIAN AUCTIONS THE PREMIER'S STICK: MR. GEORGE GRAVES, WITH SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, AT THE COAL EXCHANGE.

The auction was in aid of the Blinded Soldiers' Children Fund, of which Sir Arthur Pearson, himself blind, is a generous promoter.

Photograph by L.N.A.

hat and drooping feathers. Diamonds flashed from the Queen, who was followed by the Queen-Mother, looking more wonderfully young than ever.

The Great Shut-Out.

It was here that the Royal party met the Duchess of Beaufort, and Queen Alexandra stopped to hold quite a long conversation, which, I understand, was concerned with the wedding of the Duchess's daughter. You will remember that Queen Alexandra could not be present on that occasion, although she was very anxious to be. After the Queen-Mother had passed into

the Galleries, officialdom asserted itself in no uncertain fashion; doors were banged, barred, and bolted, and all sorts of prominent people clamoured and cried



THE PRIME MINISTER OF MIRTH AT SELFRIDGE'S: MR. GEORGE ROBEY EXCHANGES "DUD" HALF-CROWNS FOR GOOD ONES FOR THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

Photograph by L.N.A.



BANG GOES ANOTHER SAXPENCE! "Hoots! I've often heard of Trafalgar Square, but I didn't ken it was sic a dangerous spot!"

A Heart-broken Tree.

I have just heard from Miss Viola Tree that she is heart-broken—which is a woman's way for saying she is disappointed—on finding that she cannot appear, as it was originally intended, in the performance of "Loyalty" at the Haymarket Theatre in aid of the funds of the War Service and Women's Legion. Viola does not plead illness, but is sufficiently original to offer a



A MAN OF MARK: ONE OF THE 1,400,000.

"The Food Production Department estimate that there are 1,400,000 allotment-holders in England and Wales."—*Daily Paper.*

Hinde Street a few days ago, and found him very ill indeed. The attack was sudden and serious, and it would be foolish to pretend that London play-goers can look forward to wel coming Arthur back on the stage for some considerable time. What he needs just now is absolute rest and complete quietude. It was characteristic of him that, while I was talking to him in the nursing home, his chief concern seemed to be about the fortunes of the new revue at the Comedy Theatre, which he had to leave after only a few nights' performances. I was pleased to be able to tell him that, as far as "Tails Up" was concerned, everything was going well.



The Disguised German: "My muzzer vos Irish, my fazer vos Scotch. I vos born in Switzerland." "They can produce registration papers, but it is notorious that forged certificates of nationality are held by a number of disguised Germans."—*Evening News.*

ship, because he has a wonderful eye for what we may call the potentialities of personality, but I do not think she will remain for ever in the class of work in which she has made such a success up to the present. So romantic a personality must sooner or later find expression in romance.

Guess the Stitches. Miss Elizabeth Asquith—surely one of the most delightful, and at the same time,

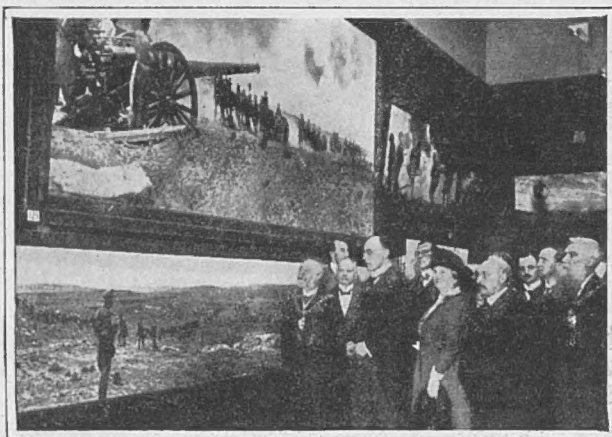
very rational explanation for her absence—that she is on tour, and must study her business contracts. Any person so originally frank as this is to be encouraged. I hear that Miss Tree's Shakespearean Matinée—which, you will remember, was held in aid of Mme. Novello Davies's fund to provide our boys at the front with musical instruments—raised over a thousand pounds. As older writers than myself used to say, "comment is needless."



THE WIFE OF THE AUSTRALIAN PREMIER (NOW IN THIS COUNTRY): MRS. W. M. HUGHES. WITH HER LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Miss Compton Collier.

Playfair. I looked in to see poor Arthur Playfair at his nursing home in



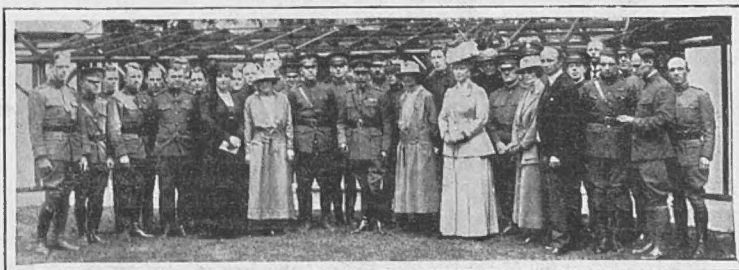
THE MINISTER OF NATIONAL SERVICE AT MANCHESTER: SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES BETWEEN THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS.

Sir Auckland Geddes opened the War Photographs Exhibition at Manchester Art Gallery. On the right is the Lord Mayor of Salford.

Photograph by C.N.

Teddie—and Futures.

Just before I called, Teddie Gerard had been to see him with arms full of rare and lovely flowers. It is, after all, not a remarkable fact that Teddie, who has been associated on the stage with some of the most exotic parts—and the most ornate, if somewhat slender, dresses—should be in private life one of the kindest and most thoughtful souls that ever graced the footlights. There is a tremendous demand for her services just now, and in the near future she will have to leave Mr. André Charlot to appear in a new play under Mr. C. B. Cochran's management. I hardly think that Teddie will stop there. Let me make myself quite clear. I think it is very likely that she will stop under Mr. Cochran's management.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE WASHINGTON INN: THEIR MAJESTIES WITH A GROUP OF AMERICAN OFFICERS.—[Photograph by C.N.]

one of the most volatile, personalities of our generation—has fallen in love. This time she is not in love with a poem or with a dance, or with some phrase in some new musical composition. She is in love with a doll. I have seen the doll, and must state at once that I share all her enthusiasm for the beautiful mite. This lucky doll is a replica of Queen Alexandra on her wedding-day—on the day, in fact, when Tennyson (who had the knack of writing poetry on public occasions very much better than Dr. Bridges or the late Mr. Alfred Austin) hymned her as "The Sea-King's Daughter from Over the Sea." The Doll-Queen has been enthroned at a variety of well-known West-End shops—



AN "ACE" INDEED: CAPT. E. MANNOCK, R.A.F., M.C., D.S.O., VICTOR OF FIFTY AIR FIGHTS.

Photograph by Central Press.

or do we call them emporiums in these days?—and people have been buying tickets which entitle them to give a guess as to the number of stitches in her clothes. I bought a ticket, but I did not guess, because if I had chanced to guess right the Queen-Doll would have become my personal possession; and, even in these days of strange happenings, it would have been a little out of the way if I had had to drive down Pall Mall with a doll on my knee—wouldn't it? As for the idea that I should possibly have abandoned my Queen-Doll, that is clearly unthinkable. All the proceeds of Miss Asquith's ingenious scheme have gone to our Red Cross nurses.

Princess Mary and Boxing.

The Theatrical Garden Party was a big success. I have never, in all my long experience of this event, seen such a huge crowd clamouring for admission. The queue outside the main entrance was worse than any theatre queue or any food queue in Germany. It took me three-quarters of an hour to get inside the grounds to find Princess Mary, under the guidance of Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson and Lady Forbes Robertson, at Miss Birdie Courtney's Boxing Booth. The Princess appeared to regard the novel spectacle provided by Mr. Eugene Corri's youngsters, who put up an admirable scrap, with great interest. When Miss Courtney was presented to her, Princess Mary remarked: "I have never seen a boxing entertainment before; it is very pleasing."

Some People There.

I cannot remember all the interesting people I saw doing something or other in the grounds, but amongst them were Mme. Karina, Miss Vesta Tilley, Mlle. Kyasht, and Mlle. Edmée Dormeuil, who, I am told, "knocked out" that redoubtable and notable hard-hitting heavy-weight, Corporal Frank Goddard! Miss Marie Löhr told me that she did excellent business at the Temple of Flora, and I was pleased

to meet an old friend in the person of Miss Phyllis Broughton, who was encouraging gambling in the shape of some Monte Carlo game. One of the most original features of the Show this year was the Pigeon-Post Race, organised by Miss Madge Titheradge. All the birds were heavily backed.



NO COUPON REQUIRED.

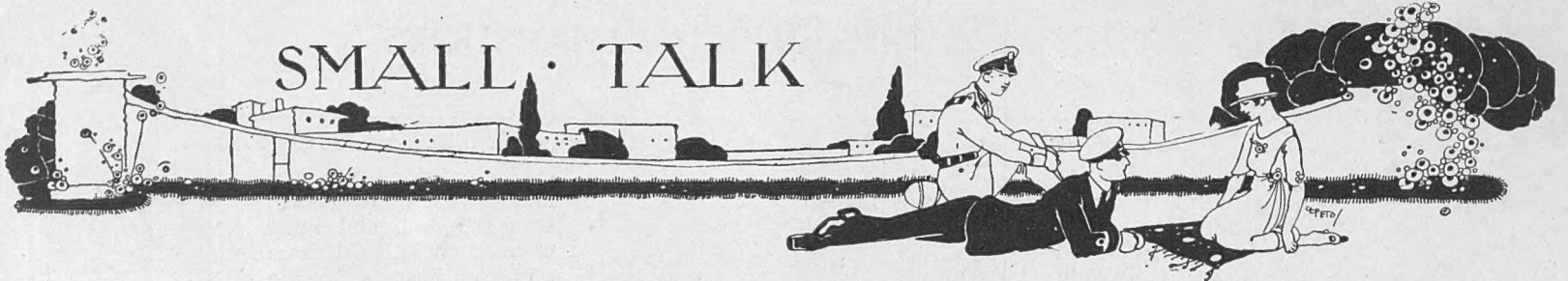
"Take any round pan or bowl and fill it with moist sand. In the middle stick a pink, and round it a ring of forget-me-nots or some other little blue blossoms," etc., etc.—*Hints for the Dinner Table; Daily Paper.*



A WHEATLEY CHARACTER AT BEACONS-FIELD FAIR: MRS. HAROLD KITCHING ELLISON AS THE BELLOWS-MENDER. Mrs. Ellison represented one of Wheatley's pictures of Old London Street Cries—"Bellows to Mend!" in the fair at Beaconsfield last Wednesday.

Photograph by Bassano.

SMALL TALK



THE Maharajah of Patiala has not yet realised his ambition of fighting in person the enemies of the British Raj. Indifferent health has not, however, prevented the ruler of the Premier State in the Punjab from contributing lavishly to the cause of the Government which he has pledged himself to serve. War is an expensive amusement, and one has to be generous as well as wealthy to maintain a complete camel corps, two corps of mule-drivers, and three battalions of infantry in fighting trim. The Maharajah has done the first two for many months, and has offered to do the third. Lately, as one of the Indian representatives at the Imperial Conference, he has been emphasising the loyalty of the Indian Princes to the King-Emperor—and, incidentally, creating a reputation for himself as one of the few men who can successfully combine



TO MARRY: MAJOR J. S. OLDHAM AND MISS IRENE BEAUMONT THOMAS.

Major J. S. Oldham, whose engagement to Miss Thomas is announced, is in the Indian Cavalry. Miss Irene Beaumont Thomas is the daughter of the late Mr. Richard Beaumont Thomas, and Mrs. Beaumont Thomas, of The Glade, Englefield Green, and Parkside, Knightsbridge.

Photographs by Langfrier and Bassano.

prosaic khaki and large pearl earrings.

The Busy Duchess.

Few Duchesses, even these days of hard-working "Debret-teers," can show a record of war-work more strenuous than that of her Grace of Somerset, upon whom the Belgian Minister conferred the Médaille de la Reine (the Belgian Order of Elizabeth) the other day. Not for nothing does the Duchess enjoy the reputation of being the briskest, as she is certainly the busiest and most businesslike, wearer of strawberry-leaves. The scheme known as "France's Day" is merely one of her war undertakings. Suffering Belgium has absorbed much of her sympathy, and, though life is no bed of roses for the Belgian soldier, at least it is a less thorny affair than it would have been lacking her Grace's efforts to make it as pleasant as circumstances allowed. Her new honour brings the number of decorations held by the Duchess up to four.

attitude towards reprisals. He writes vigorously, and is in many ways a remarkable man.

The Hero of Le Cateau.

Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien is a wonderful man. His experiences in France and East Africa have still left him enough energy to undertake the responsibilities of the Governorship of Gibraltar. But Sir Horace is a good life, and has himself practised those virtues of temperance which he preached a little while ago in rather intemperate fashion, getting himself into hot water with the music-hall interest. I wonder whether the splendid service he did at Le Cateau has ever been sufficiently recognised by the average man. On his staunchness, skill, and judgment the fate of the whole British force depended on that hot Wednesday afternoon in August four years ago. To stand was destruction; to break off the engagement was highly risky. Smith-Dorrien disengaged

the little leisure left the Princess, who, since she started on what might be called her public life a few months back, has devoted herself to furthering all sorts of charitable causes. But then, the war has shown that there are no harder workers than the Royal Family.

The Duke's Three-and-Ninepence.

Nobody can say that the new British Army is not run on sternly democratic principles when we have the spectacle of the Duke of Argyll going through his medical examination and pocketing his first three days' pay as a private soldier. This is certainly a record for the Campbells, who used to have armies of their own. The Duke, who is forty-seven but does not look it, has attracted some attention during the war by his incursions into print, particularly in condemnation of the Bishops'



ENGAGED TO MR. ERNEST VANE TEMPEST: MISS ST. GEORGE.

Miss St. George is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Loftus St. George, of Eastbourne. Mr. Ernest Charles William Vane Tempest, D.S.C., is a great-grandson of the third Marquess of Londonderry.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

The other three are the Order of a Lady of Justice of St. John of Jerusalem, the Red Cross of Spain, and a Serbian Order. Not a bad little collection.

Royal Nurses.

Nursing seems to have a strong attraction for the members of the Royal Family. Princess Christian has for many years identified herself with the interests of the profession; Princess Beatrice is always zealous for the welfare of its members; and it is some time now since Princess Arthur of Connaught began to gain for herself a reputation as a clever nurse, at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, where her work is essentially of the useful as opposed to the merely ornamental variety. Now Princess Mary is adding to her V.A.D. experiences by learning what it means to be a real probationer at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. Two days a week in hospital, in addition to her other duties, must make serious inroads on



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN J. KENNARD: MRS. LENORE MARY BAKER.

Mrs. Baker is the widow of Mr. C. L. Baker, of Fethard, and daughter of Mr. J. Montgomery, Tedworth Square. Her engagement to Captain John Kennard, son of the late Mr. Adam S. Kennard, of Hants, and of Mrs. Kennard, Eccleston Square, has been announced.—Miss Knox, whose marriage to Major the Hon. A. E. C. J. Stourton, The King's Own (T.), second son of the late Lord Mowbray and Stourton, will shortly take place, is daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Cranville Knox.

Photographs by Swaine and Malcolm Arbuthnot.



TO MARRY THE HON. ALFRED STOURTON: MISS CONSTANCE KNOX.



TO MARRY LIEUT. RONALD ORDE, R.F.A.: MISS GWYNETH MAY LEWIS.

Miss Lewis is a daughter of Mr. J. Penry Lewis, C.M.G., Ceylon Civil Service (retired), and Mrs. Lewis, Walton-by-Clevedon. Lieutenant Ronald C. C. Orde, R.F.A., is son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Campbell Orde, of Godalming.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

his wing with admirable aplomb, giving the enemy such a gruelling in the process that the left wing, however harassed, was never in great danger again. Sir Horace is a purely English General; he belongs, of course, to the family who almost reign in the Scilly Isles.

General Seely's New Work.

The many friends of General Seely feel great satisfaction that he has been chosen for important work at home. He deserves promotion, for, though he has sedulously avoided the limelight, he has done sterling work in his command at the front, and made himself immensely popular with the Canadians, with whom he has chiefly been associated. The former War Secretary—it is not easy to recall that it was only a little over four years ago that he resigned over the Curragh affair—may or may not again control the War Office. But if he does it will no longer be possible to attack him as a feather-bed soldier.

IRISH SOCIETY: SOME DUBLIN SNAPSHOTS.



MISS EILEEN DALY AND MRS. MORE O'FERRALL.



CAPTAIN JAMES DAVIS BARRY.



CAPTAIN THE HON. IAN MAITLAND AND MISS EVANS.



MRS. HENDERSON AND MRS. ERIC GREER.

Despite the war, Dublin is very full, and many well-known people are to be seen about. Miss Eileen Daly, of Poer-Norton Park, Chipping Norton, is seen here with her cousin, Mrs. More O'Ferrall, wife of Mr. Dominic More O'Ferrall, D.L., of Kildangan, Co. Kildare, who is a daughter of the late Colonel McDonnell, C.B., of Plas Newydd, Usk, Monmouthshire, and is much interested in the Moore Abbey Hospital Supply Depot for various hospitals.—Captain James Davis Barry, of Willsbrook, Lucan, Co. Dublin,

is well known in Irish society.—Captain the Hon. Ian Maitland, Cameron Highlanders, is the eldest son of Viscount Maitland, and grandson of the Earl of Lauderdale. Miss Evans is the daughter of Captain J. S. P. Evans, Cameron Highlanders.—Mrs. Henderson is the wife of Captain Henderson, who is much interested in whippet-racing. Mrs. Greer is a daughter of the Hon. Eustace FitzGerald, and married Major Eric Greer, Irish Guards, who was killed in action.—[Photographs by Poole. Waterford.]



EVERY day adds to the company of English men and women competing with each other and with American residents among us to provide huts and hospitals for U.S. soldiers here in training or returned wounded from France. For men in the latter category the King has set aside a site in Windsor Park. And now the American Y.M.C.A. Hut for officers of the U.S. Army, open in St. James's Square, is in its way "a Palace in a Garden." Over a hundred beds are in being, and three times that number of dinners daily served. Even the garden of the Square is in itself wonderfully attractive, and the seats under the trees on moonlight nights tempt even dog-tired men from their cubicles. Lady Essex, and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker have worked with a will to get everything into ship-shape, and great is their reward in the pleasure expressed by everyone who sees the result of their labours. The little premier Duke can watch from the upper windows of Norfolk House the unwonted activities of the Square; and another and an experienced eye has been turned on them most approvingly—that of the Duke of Connaught.

Guests of the Guests.

Of all the hospitals prepared in London for the American wounded none surpasses in every sort of convenience that of Aldford House, Park Lane, placed by Captain and Mrs. Freddy Guest at the disposal of the American Red Cross for the use of the Navy. Even before, and long after, America came into the war, Mrs. Guest made English wounded officers happy under her roof—a roof, by the way, with that delightful and rare thing, a roof-garden. Now it is her own countrymen whom she welcomes, and many of these will feel what all their English predecessors felt—that it is worth while to be wounded to have the hospitalities of that hospital and to be the guests of the Guests. Though the house is a low one, as great London houses go—Mr. Beit, who built it, liked to live on the ground-floor—a perfect system of lifts has been installed for the benefit of the halt, the lame, the blind.

Captain Guest is, of course, the Whip to whom Mr. Lloyd George gives his closest confidence; and until quite lately the Prime Minister breakfasted at Aldford House at least one morning in every week.

Another Flitting. Lord and Lady Carnarvon have sold 13, Berkeley Square, and so we have another notable instance of the passing of the big house that London now almost daily enacts. Their new town address is No. 1, Seamore Place, for they have taken the first of those very cheerful and airy and happy-

go-lucky houses that proudly boast they turn their backs on Park Lane! Seamore Place is not really a *cul de sac* for foot-passengers, though it might seem so at first sight, when entered from the Curzon Street end; the little southern outlet into Piccadilly is not the least of its several informal charms. Itself an entertaining thoroughfare, it has housed many accomplished entertainers. Lady Blessington was once gorgeous there; and in recent times a less haphazard hospitality than hers has been dispensed by Baron Alfred de Rothschild, Lord Inchcape, Lord Egerton of Tatton, and,

until about three years ago, the Ian Hamiltons.

Honey-Half-Moons.

People who remark—sometimes rather austere—on the frequent shortening-up of times of mourning among war widows ought in fairness to note that shortenings-up are indeed the general order of the day, and that they apply equally to honeymoons. These latter are anything from two to ten days for the marrying-men on leave; and Mrs. Montagu Porch decided to keep her hustled sisters in countenance—a thing she knows you are rather easily stared out of on such occasions! Within a week of her own romantic wedding she went



BRIDESMAIDS AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE: AT MISS MARJORIE BOYD'S WEDDING.

Six bridesmaids attended Miss Boyd at her wedding on June 21. Our photograph shows three of them (left to right)—Miss Diana Kingsmill, Miss A. Tudor Davies, and Miss Daphne Kingsmill.

(See Opposite Page.) Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

to an entertainment at His Majesty's Theatre, feeling herself in a sort of way chaperoned—which only means "hooded"—by Lady Cunard, the support of a friend being half the battle on such occasions. A day or two later Mrs. Porch went to the Opera, again with Lady Cunard, whose guest she was, as was also "Lady Randolph's" sort of niece-by-marriage, the Duchess of Marlborough. Some of Mrs. Porch's letters, by the way, still come to her addressed under her old style and title; but not by any wish or habit of hers.

The Reign of Anne.

Anne is a name that never goes out of fashion, and never is merely fashionable, for girls of all ranks find in it a common denominator. Lord and Lady Huntingfield's new daughter was given the name the other day at Hale, Farnham, when Colonel Ronald Brooke, D.S.O., Lady Blois, and the Countess Soudes were the willing sponsors. Ever since a Vanneck married an Arcedeckne heiress, that rather alien-sounding surname has been borne by one Vanneck after another, and it seems almost to need an Anne as an antidote. Already an aunt, and a great-aunt too, of the new arrival have given the Anne a family vogue; and in its favour were rejected the other day the Hilda, the Gladys, the Medora, the Hermione, and the Cora—romantic labels all—borne by other relatives, but not one of them preferable to the simple but queenly Anne. Lady Huntingfield is one of the group of American wives of English Peers, and—what is literally putting a good face on it—the most beautiful of them all.



BRIDESMAIDS AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE: AT MISS MARJORIE BOYD'S WEDDING.

Six bridesmaids attended Miss Boyd at her wedding on June 21. Our photograph shows three of them (left to right)—Miss Hayes Fisher, Miss Curzon, and Miss Mitchell Henry.

(See Opposite Page.) Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

FISHER—BOYD: A WAR-TIME WEDDING AT ST. GEORGE'S.

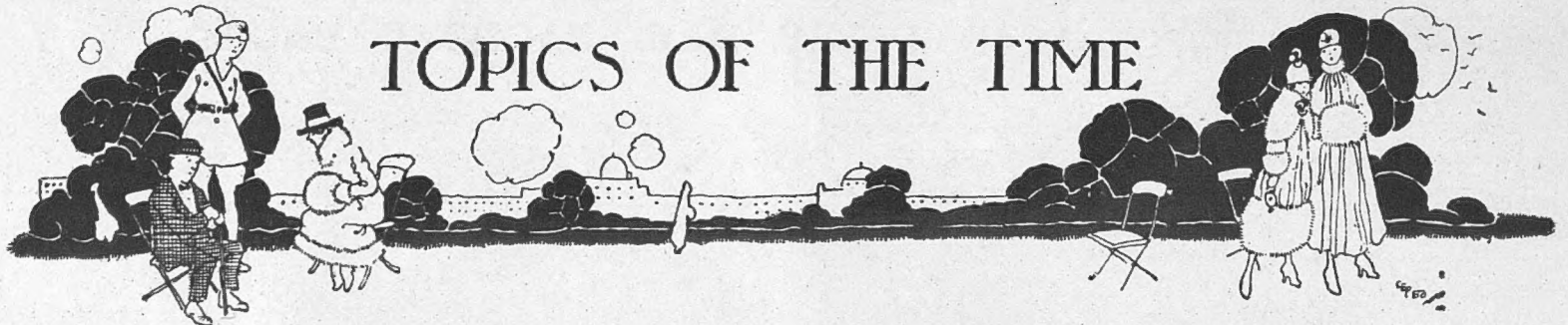


A Wearer of the D.S.O. Married: Brigadier-General Bertie D. Fisher, D.S.O., and Mrs. Fisher (Miss Marjorie Boyd).

A very pretty war-time wedding, with all the pleasant accessories of the days before hostilities had broken out, was celebrated the other day at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, when Brigadier-General Bertie D. Fisher, D.S.O., Lancers, was married to Miss Marjorie Boyd, daughter of Lady (Francis) Burdett. Canon Deane and Prebendary Thicknesse

officiated; and Captain Goodliffe, a brother-officer of the bridegroom, was best man. The bride was given away by her stepfather, Sir Francis Burdett, eighth Baronet; and was attended by six bridesmaids—Miss Diana and Miss Daphne Kingsmill, Miss Hayes Fisher, Miss A. Tudor Davies, Miss Curzon, and Miss Mitchell Henry.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I are joining hands with the Americans in celebrating an event which divided us! Their Fourth of July and our Fourth of August are pals! Shake!

King George the Third with cannon-balls did try our Brothers to despatch. King George the Fifth the country calls to watch with him their baseball match!

It was the failure of General Burgoyne's advance down the River Hudson, with the defeat of our troops at Saratoga, that changed our luck. But, with the countrymen of a George who could not tell a lie helping us now to defeat a William who can tell several, we can easily afford to let Burgoyne's be Burgoyne's!

Kill that butterfly! If you don't, there'll be no apples or plums or cherries again in 1919! You and I don't mind meatless days, but fruitless years are above a joke!

How restlessly and rapidly early Victorians—especially a certain Mr. Bayly, the author of "I'd be a Butterfly"—must be revolving in their graves over this war on butterflies! With a great number of persons of that time—a rather sloppy sort of time, I fear—the butterfly was a most important sentimental force, and the people who made fun of Mr. Bayly's ballad were not considered fit for respectable society.

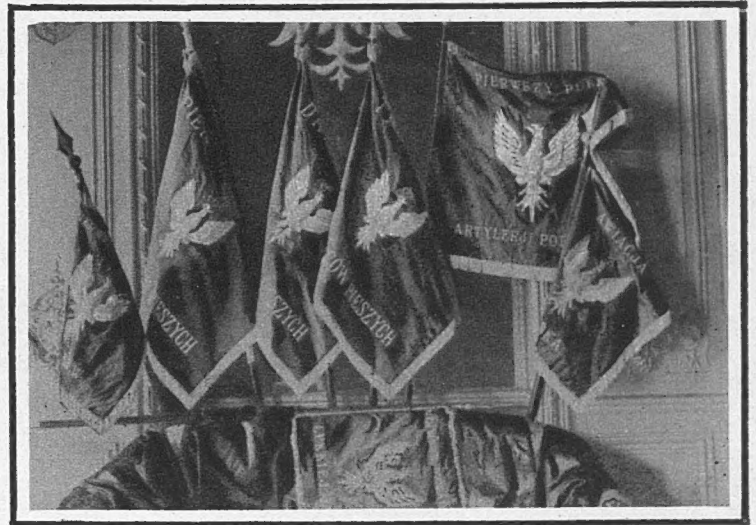
When Mr. Bayly years ago (to count them I refuse to try) took pains in decent verse to show 'twas nice to be a butterfly, the thought was ridiculed no end, the notion grieved to a degree—particularly by our friend the late lamented Harry Leigh.*

"A charm there lies in being born (he wrote) within a rosy bow'r, where sunshine on a summer morn should grace my (Harry's) natal hour. But I was born a Cockney, Sir; a Cockney I (that's Leigh) shall die. Pray why on earth should I prefer (he asked) to be a butterfly?"

Socially and theatrically our friend John Chinaman seems to be well in the limelight just now. In addition to the news that Drury Lane is soon to be occupied by a Chinese play, and that a

country more generally, and perhaps even for our honeymoons." There is certainly one great thing in favour of the scheme—there will be no language difficulty to wrestle with, for, according to writers for the stage, who have ever been famous for their infallibility, you can get on quite well in China by giving a variety of intonations to "chop-chop-chop."

We will honeymoon in China where the Yellow River flows to the Gulf of—what's its name, dear? I've forgotten. Where they manufacture nankeen, which, as everybody knows, is a cloth composed extensively of cotton. And we'll say "chop-chop" as we hobble and we hop, for the natives, if we didn't, our acquaintance soon would drop, for they would not understand why we visited their land if we didn't know their language, which is "chop-chop-chop."



PRESENTED BY THE CITY OF PARIS: COLOURS FOR POLISH REGIMENTS FIGHTING FOR FRANCE.

From the photograph, it is not possible to state to what branch the first of the colours belongs. The next three are for infantry regiments; then comes the Colour of an artillery regiment; then an Aviation Corps' Colour. The Colour below is for a light cavalry regiment.—[Photograph by Topical.]



RECORD-MAKING FOR "HIS MASTER'S VOICE": MEMBERS OF THE GAIETY "GOING UP" COMPANY.

Standing (from left to right) are Messrs. Roy Byford, Clifton Alderson, Austin Melford, Franklyn Bellamy, John Wigley, and Leyden Colledge. In front are Mr. Joseph Coyne, Miss Evelyn Laye, Captain John Hare, Miss Marjorie Gordon, and M. Henri de Bray.

great film illustrative of life in China is about to arrive at the kinema palaces, I get it from my daily paper that "China has a great social future," and that "after the war we may be found visiting that

Let us honeymoon in China, where the food is mainly rice, and with chopsticks rather awkward to pick up is; where the birds'-nest soup is followed by a brace of little mice, or on Sundays by a pair of pretty puppies. And we'll say "chop-chop" as we hobble and we hop, or in Pekin high society we clearly couldn't stop, for as everybody knows who to China often goes, you're considered rather brainy if you say "chop-chop."

Let us honeymoon in China, where the girls tie up their feet into funny-looking, dumpy little packets, and the men come out in trousers very baggy at the seat, and in singularly dowdy-looking jackets. And we'll say "chop-chop" as we hobble and we hop, and we'll purchase little souvenirs at every china-shop; and no matter what we want, from a tea-cup to a font, we shall get it every time by saying "chop-chop-chop."

These war figures, taken from the *British Bandsman*, refer to men who, previous to August 1914, were members of civilian bands: Killed in action, or died from wounds, 1127; wounded, 1437; V.C.s, 5; D.C.M.s, 45; M.C.s, 5; M.M.s, 65; granted commissions, 54."

Oh, fine it is to beat the drum to call the other men to come; and you and I could mention some who quite a cushy billet find it. That way lies but a tinsel fame, which any fool is free to claim. But this we know, they play the game who beat the drum and march behind it!

A. B. M.

* Henry S. Leigh, author of "Carols of Cockayne," "Strains from the Strand," etc., and a noted "Savage" of his day.—A. B. M.

A MESOPOTAMIAN DERBY DAY: BAGHDAD RACES.



A GRAND STAND AT THE BAGHDAD SPORTING CLUB!



BAGHDAD GIRLS WAITING AND SOLDIERS ARRIVING.



THE COMPETITORS FOR A NATIVE ARAB RACE.



A PRELIMINARY CANTER AT THE BAGHDAD RACES.



AN ALL-KHAKI MEETING: BRITISH AND INDIAN SOLDIERS.



A SOLDIER AS BOOKMAKER AT THE BAGHDAD RACES.

The Roman adage, *coelum, non animum, mutant*, has been exemplified once more by our troops in Mesopotamia. They carried with them to that dusty clime the national taste for the Turf, and though, perhaps, there is not much of what we should call turf there, they were not to be denied a khaki

Derby Day of their own. A course was laid out near Baghdad, a grand stand built, and a race-meeting duly held by the Baghdad Sporting Club. The crowd was mainly masculine and khaki, but some Baghdad girls were interested spectators. Arab riders competed in native events.

Official Photographs.

THE FLIGHT OF STAGES : MUSICAL COMEDY

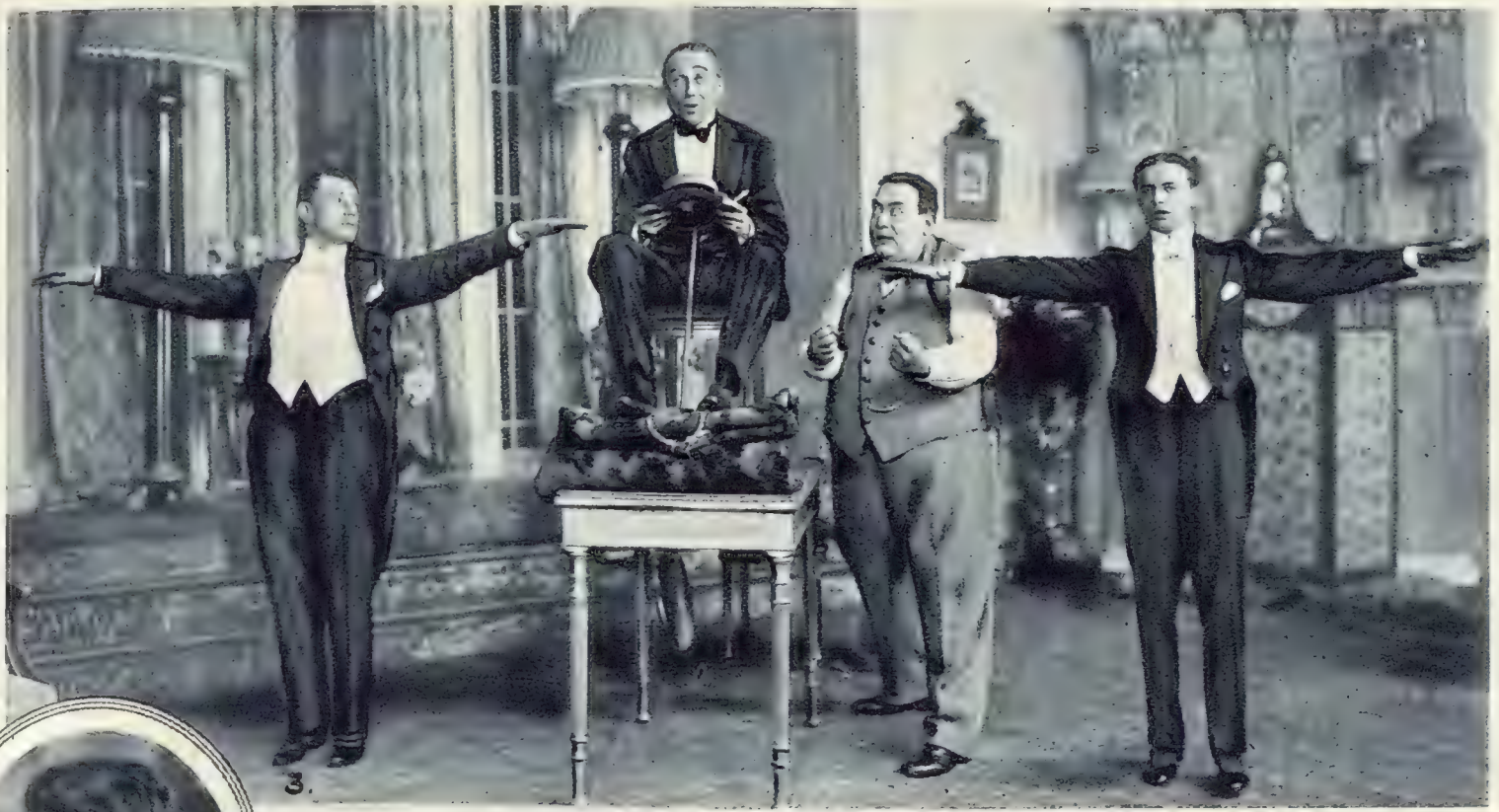


1. HE LOVES ME ; HE LOVES ME NOT : (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. F. BELLAMY AS JAMES BROOKS, MISS MARJORIE GORDON AS GRACE DOUGLAS, MR. JOSEPH COYNE AS ROBERT STREET, AND MR. AUSTIN MELFORD AS HOPKINSON BROWN.

2. FLIGHTLESS, AND CHALLENGED TO FLY ! (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. COYNE, AND MR. ROY BYFORD AS SAM ROBINSON.
3. INDOOR LESSONS IN FLIGHT : (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. MELFORD, MR. COYNE, MR. BYFORD, AND MR. BELLAMY.

The flight of stages, as known to musical comedy, differs from the flight of real life in that it can be learnt within twelve hours indoors, much as 'Varsity oarsmen practise rowing on the floor of their rooms with a "Liddell and Scott" for sliding seat. Robert Street, as we have related before, made a big boom with his book on aviation called "Going Up." Though he had never been in an aeroplane in his life, he allowed the public to assume that he was an expert flier, and was much

AVIATION IN "GOING UP," AT THE GAIETY.



4. DROPPING THE PILOT, ON ATERRISSAGE: (LEFT TO RIGHT), MR. MELFORD, MR. COYNE, MR. BELLAMY, AND MR. BYFORD.
5. THE ACCEPTOR OF THE CHALLENGE: MR. JOSEPH COYNE.
6. THE PRIZE: MISS MARJORIE GORDON.
7. MANY CONGRATULATIONS: MR. COYNE RECEIVES TELEGRAMS AFTER WINNING THE AIR RACE.
8. DANCING "THE TICKLE TOE": MISS MARJORIE GORDON AND MR. AUSTIN MELFORD.

perturbed when he was challenged by a real airman to an air race next day. However, as the girl of his heart, Grace Douglas, promised to give her hand to the winner, he accepted the challenge, and proceeded to master the mysteries of navigating an aeroplane with the aid of Sam Robinson, an air-mechanic. A chair on a table did duty as pilot's seat, with a straw hat and cane as the "joy stick"; while two friends personated the wings.

THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY: ROYAL AN



THE ANNUAL FETE IN AID OF THE ACTORS' ORPHANAGE: PR

1. PRINCESS MARY AT THE GARDEN PARTY: LEAVING THE BOXING-BOOTH.
2. WITH HER DAUGHTER JANE: MISS MARIE LOHR (MRS. VAL PRINSEP); AND MR. VIVIAN REYNOLDS.

3. A BALLOONIST, BUT NOT "GOING UP": MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN, OF "TAILS UP!"
4. NOT TO MENTION THE "SUPER(HUMAN) BEAUTY CHORUS": Mlle. LYDIA KYASHT.

Once more that hardy annual, the Theatrical Garden Party in aid of the Actors' Orphanage, blossomed into fun and frolic, last Tuesday at the Botanic Gardens. Princess Mary was there, and under the guidance of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, she visited the boxing-booth organised by Miss Birdie Courtney, and saw some of Mr. Eugene Corri's pupils have a bout. (A different type of encounter is illustrated on another page in this Number.) An amusing event was the dancing of the Super(Human)

Photographs by C.N., Sport and General, Arbutnot, News Illustrations

OTHER VISITORS ; THE FAIR AND THE FUN.



MISS MARY AND OTHERS AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY.

5. ADMIRING MR. ERNEST THESIGER'S HAT : MISS MADGE TITHERADGE AND LITTLE JANE PRINSEP.
6. THE MANAGER OF THE "GRAND GIGGLE" BUTTONHOLED : MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.

7. "SING ME A SONG-OH !" MISS ETHEL LEVEY.
8. SELLING LUCKY HORSE-SHOES : MISS RENÉE KELLY.
9. SOME TAIL ! MISS GLADYS COOPER AND HER PET LEMUR.

Beauty Chorus accompanying Mlle. Lydia Kyasht. Some of them are seen in our photograph, the first three, starting from the left, being Mr. Arthur Helmore, Mr. Reginald Groome, and Mr. Alex Scott-Gatty. Miss Marie Lohr, who is seen with her little daughter and Mr. Vivian Reynolds, presided over the Temple of Flora. Miss Renée Kelly did a quick trade in lucky horse-shoes, and Miss Madge Titheradge in a variety of knick-knacks. Mr. Du Maurier ran the "Grand Giggle" Theatre.

AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY: NOTABILITIES.



1. THE RIGHT TO THE JAW: Mlle. EDMÉE DORMEUIL COUNTERS CORPORAL FRANK GODDARD.
3. EMMA "IN ACT TO THROW": MISS VIOLET LORAINE SHOWS WHAT SHE CAN DO.

2. WITH MISS JOAN EMNEY (DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. FRED EMNEY): SIR MILES AND LADY STAPLETON.
4. TIGER'S CUB AND LONE FOX: MISS MADGE TITHERADGE AND REYNARD (CAPTURED IN BEAUMONT WOOD).

Here are some more notable people seen at the Theatrical Garden Party, of which we give other photographs on a double-page. Miss Violet Loraine appeared in a sketch at the Theatre Royal "Grand Giggle," run by Mr. Gerald Du Maurier. Miss Madge Titheradge did brisk business

in a tent called "My Gifts," selling various articles, while carrier-pigeons conveyed to the Garrick communiqués regarding her operations. Sir Miles Stapleton, Bt., is a temporary captain attached to the Inland Water Transport Section of the R.E. He married Miss Doris Ludford.

ANOTHER BEDROOM SCENE: "FAIR AND WARMER" SITUATIONS.



1. DISCOVERED! BLANNY WHEELER (MISS FAY COMPTON) IS FOUND BY LAURA BARTLETT (MISS MARGARET HALSTAN) WITH HER HUSBAND, BILLY BARTLETT (MR. DAVID MILLER) IN THE BARTLETTS' BEDROOM.
2. MUTUAL RECRIMINATIONS: BLANNY WHEELER (MISS FAY COMPTON) AND BILLY BARTLETT (MR. DAVID MILLER).
3. ICED WATER IN THE MORNING: TESSIE (MISS BILLIE CARLETON) BRINGS A COOLING DRINK TO BLANNY AND BILLY.

The bedroom scene has become an institution in farce. In "Fair and Warmer," at the Prince of Wales's, it occurs in the third act, where a situation that looks distinctly compromising is proved innocent on the

evidence of the maid. There were two friendly couples—Billy and Laura Bartlett and Jack and Blanny Wheeler. In order to recapture their respective spouses, two of them tried the effect of jealousy.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON.



ALL THE WAY.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

LET another Moore stand up (I don't mean Othello, though I have been at Drury Lane; besides, Othello did not stand up: he went to bed, and herewith hangs his downfall—or pillow-slip, so to speak!). The Moore I mean is some lachrymose poet who will sing over the last strawberry of summer! I love strawberries, and when I heard that the Government wanted the whole lot it gave me a little shock. At first I thought it was because a greedy Government wanted to gobble all the strawberries, and I almost formed the impious wish that the greedy Government might have a bad pain in its Little Mary; but, when I heard that the corner was in the cause of Jam, the shock became a mere jar—a Jam-Jar, in fact!

Truly I am rejoicing to observe what an economic nation England is becoming—planning preserves actually! And in a shop this morning I saw a little notice thus worded—

Rabbits - - 1 9
With skin - 2 0

We may look forward to wonderful rabbit wraps for the Opera next winter—what! Saving their skins (rabbits' ones, of course) is quite an innovation in this country, but the *marchand de peaux de lapins* is a well-known (if not exactly fashionable) figure of French life.

It really cheered me to contemplate that if blue fox fails us, and sables soar so high as to be unattainable, and ermine be truly regal in its rarity—which is, alas! no fancy picture at the present price of furs—well, there remains humble brer rabbit for *casseroles* and coat!

Have you seen Mr. Smilon's photograph in the papers? I haven't. I looked for it. Mr. Smilon is a hero—the sort that says nothing about it except to his wife or fiancée or so on. I am neither his wife nor his fiancée (nor so on), but the lady "who does" for Mrs. Smilon comes to help the lady "who does" for me, and those two exchange in stage whispers views on topical and personal things.

To come back to the heroism of Mr. Smilon, it particularly shone on Alexandra Day. It started at dawn, or at least 10.35—at which

time daily Mr. Smilon produces his "season" at his suburban station and passes its gate. That morning Mr. Smilon had to take the 11.5, for at the gate stood a macintoshed angel armed—not with a flaming sword, but with a basket full of roses. The angel was smiling; Mr. Smilon smiled also, stopped, stooped, swooped a sixpence for a rose, and speeded on—but so had the 10.35! Mr. Smilon swore not. He had an important appointment in the City that day at 11.30. "Never mind," thought he; "I'll get a taxi, and just do it with luck." As he was coming out of the station he spied a taxi. As he lifted his arm to signal to the chauffeur his right hand came in contact with the tray of another macintoshed angel in a rose-wreath, causing her tray of pink blossoms to scatter its contents confetti-like on the pavement. At once Mr. Smilon was on his knees (not metaphorically speaking) gathering roses by the handful. It was a lengthy and delicate operation, but the angel looked sweetly grateful. Mr. Smilon waited for two 'busfuls, and finally "footed" it. He missed his appointment, but swore not (see reference!). But, as his soul sought some solace, he went in to lunch. He began with thick soup. It tasted excellently, till, with the last spoonful, Mr. Smilon also swallowed—or as good as swallowed—the stem of one of the numerous roses adorning his person. But from the sore and swollen throat of Mr. Smilon no swearing passed! After lunch Mr. Smilon's progress was stopped by the standstill of the traffic—Queen Alexandra's carriage was passing. Up went Mr. Smilon's hat, and out went Mr. Smilon's pocket-book containing £9 19s. 6d. into the hands of an opportunist person perched on tip-toe behind him. It was late when Mr. Smilon felt his loss, and late was just as bad as never. Still Mr. Smilon swore not. "After all," he reflected in the train homeward, "I might have had ten pounds in my pocket-book!"



"Ermine."

The other night I travelled far from this distressful time and world even to the fair and happy land of Boccaccio; true, there was a war on, but no one seemed to bother about it, and, judging by the sumptuous vestments worn by the players of "The Loving Heart," there was no luxury tax.

Miss Muriel Pratt's golden marriage-gown was more curious than becoming, even after she had removed her white fur overdress, her myrtle-wreathed gold crown, and the portentous coils of false hair plaited with tissue ribbon. In the Florentine moonlight she wore a full robe of flame brocade girdled with blue, with long hanging sleeves lined with gold and blue brocade; this with auburn tresses and a marvellous cloth-of-gold head-dress suited her amazingly. She looked most bewitching in her last dress—a green velvet riding habit, with high collar, large gold buttons, black-and-gold under-sleeves and girdle.

Miss Elinor Forster looked splendid in a revel dress representing the goddess of the vine; and Miss Barbara Everest was the goddess of the sea, in blue robe, with marvellous head-dress decorated with a large silver fish at each side, and surmounted with a ship in full sail.

Lady Rhondda has been busy on her pet scheme in the way of war-work from Llanwern, where she has been staying while Lord Rhondda has been so ill. Lady Rhondda has formed an association, with Lord Rhondda as President, to form Win the War Centres in every county and district. They will be information bureaux to centralise things, give information quickly, and conserve all the resources of the district. The first one was started at Southall, and the exhibition given during the opening week by Mr. Reginald Brown, M.Inst.C.E., was a wonderful show which made one ask for more.



"I thought it was because a greedy Government wanted to gobble all the strawberries."

MORE SOCIETY TABLEAUX: ON BEHALF OF SONS OF THE BRAVE.



1. "A VISION OF FREEDOM": (L. TO R.) MISS CARNEGIE; HON. PEGGY COVENTRY; MISS JEAN KINLOCH. 2. TAKING THE PICTURESQUE ROLE OF THE "DUCHESS OF RICHMOND": LADY CYNTHIA CURZON.
3. ITALY—THE "DREAM OF DANTE": (L. TO R.) COUNT MICHAEL TORBY (DANTE); MRS. C. LEYLAND (BEATRICE); LADY J. BUTLER (THE ANGEL); MISS FIELDING (FIRST ATTENDANT); MISS E. STANHOPE (SECOND ATTENDANT)).

The Scholarship Fund for the education of sons of fallen and incapacitated officers of the Navy and Army at the Imperial Service College, Windsor, benefited handsomely, from all accounts, by the highly successful matinée (organised by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone), at the Alhambra.

The entertainment brought in £2000. A feature of the matinée was the tableaux, representing notable events from pictures among the art treasures of the Allied nations. The final tableau was the "Vision of Freedom"—St. George, surrounded by the Spirits of France, Italy, and America.

Photographs by News Illustrations.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK



AT intervals, the human race suffers from an over-dose of civilisation—that is, what's the matter with it again at present. Man has never learned how to be happy though civilised; and, reading "Wine-Dark Seas and Tropic Skies," as a relief from our civilised war horrors, I envy Saffroni Middleton his delectable wanderings among uncultured peoples who don't know the advantages of education or the blessings of science, a Free Press, and Representative Government. He has no humour; he says his jests move people to tears, and that, in England, "I listened to many thousands of British jokes, but cannot recall that I laughed more than twice." I wonder who he met here? Nevertheless, his prose Odyssey is as lively and entertaining a thing of the kind as we have had for long enough. There is bizarre stuff in it, and some natural tribulation; but there are delightful characters and idyllic episodes in it too, and a fascinating native girl, Wylao, whose romantic adventures are a fearful joy when they are not altogether joyful.

The Cornish men and women in Mrs. Dawson-Scott's sombre, powerful novel, "Wastralls," are nearly as primitive in grain as Saffroni Middleton's South Sea Islanders; but they are hampered by the laws of ordered society. Otherwise, the fiery, stubborn Leadville Byron could have taken what he wanted by force, Sabrina might have become resigned to his mastery, and both would have been happy. As it was, Leadville married her for love of her great possessions, which he had coveted ever since he worked on the

land in her father's time. Sabrina, however, though she loved him, had no notion of allowing him to supplant her in the control of her farm. She had done a man's work on it for her father, had cultivated it capably since it fell to her by inheritance, and told her husband genially but emphatically that he could have money to buy other fields, or remain idle; but if he worked on her land it must be under her directions. She was a handsome, resolute woman, and had the law behind her; he could use no weapon but persuasion, and that she was proof against. Out of their stormy conflict of wills grows a dramatic, uncommonly interesting story. In the end, so little as the grim satisfaction of feeling that he had murdered her is denied to him, for he learns at last that, after her sudden death in the night, the fatal jug of cocoa had been found untouched beside her bed. Even after she had been hopelessly crippled by an accident she had maintained her full authority, propelling herself about the farm in a wheeled chair. She had thwarted his passion for her niece, who in those latter days lived at the farm, and now, when he thought he had cleared the way for himself, he finds that, on her prompting, the girl is secretly married to the man of her choice, and that, unknown to him, Sabrina had made a will which left him wealthy, but bequeathed the farm and lands to her niece. He had been a mere puppet,

and, alive and dead, she had pulled the strings and worked him. It is well and imaginatively written, and moves to its close with the inevitability of Greek tragedy.

"The Fire of Green Boughs" brings you to modern London, and its most likeable people are in revolt against civilised conventions. Dominic Royden, invalided out of the Army, goes into the Church, but has been up against naked facts at the front, and knows too much to be an orthodox parson. His charming cousin Sylvia wins all your sympathy, nor does she lose it when she steals her dead aunt's jewels to give herself a chance in the world. And the outlook of Willie Kent, the witty Irish M.P., is delightfully primitive. He holds that the only thing to do with life is to laugh at it; suggests bigamy as the best solution of the superfluous woman problem; and, instead of being shocked when he hears of Sylvia's theft, remarks that all the Commandments are supposed to stand on the same level, but the law has interfered and specialised in about three out of the ten. The story holds you, and there is more than humour and irony in its undercurrent of piquant comment on the forces behind the war.

The old picturesqueness and romance of battle flaunt it gallantly in "The Man in Grey"—a capital, exciting tale of the Chouan conspiracies during the Napoleonic days; and it is romance and boisterous adventure again in "President McGlusky," the quaint philosophy of the untamable McGlusky and his doughty doings in the wilds of South America making an appetising mixture.

I am glad Percy Scholes's "Introduction to British Music"—an excellent, concise study—knocks the bottom out of the assertion that we are not a musical nation. If we are not so musical as we were, that is another consequence of getting too civilised. We are so anxious to seem ultra-refined that we dare not give our native genius free play. Pepys's Diary will tell you how Pepys and a lady friend sat in St. James's Park, two centuries and a half ago, and sang blithely together, and were proud that a crowd gathered round to listen. Could two members of our best society do anything so simple and natural nowadays without thinking they had disgraced themselves? Pepys also tells how he and a party of friends, of both sexes, sang in chorus as they rowed down the Thames one evening; but whenever that happens now we are so superior that we call it Cockney rowdyism and vulgar. While Pepys was chief of the Admiralty a sea captain called at his office, and after they had discussed business it came out that the captain loved music, so Pepys took his guitar, and the two sat singing madrigals for the rest of the afternoon. If the present Lord of the Admiralty did that—but he couldn't. We have sacrificed the arts and graces to mere business and a false sense of dignity, and have lost the habit of harmony. Which is a parable, and may be applied to the discord of this hour.

BOOKS TO READ.

Wine-Dark Seas and Tropic Skies. By A. Saffroni Middleton. Illustrated. (Grant Richards.)
Wastralls. By C. A. Dawson-Scott. (Heinemann.)
The Fire of Green Boughs. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. (Duckworth.)
The Man in Grey. By Baroness Orczy. (Cassell.)
President McGlusky. By A. G. Hales. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
An Introduction to British Music. By Percy A. Scholes. (Cecil Palmer and Hayward.)
Ballades of Francois Villon. Interpreted into English Verse by Paul Hookham. (Oxford, Blackwell.)



THE BRIDE OF A D.S.O.: MISS GWENDOLINE GLYN.

The Princess Royal and Princess Maud were present, on June 22, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, at the wedding of Major Charles H. Greville, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards, only son of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Alwyne and Mrs. Greville, to Miss Gwendoline Glyn, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Glyn. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by the Hon. Derek Keppel and the Hon. Richard Greville; and Captain Symons, a brother-officer of the bridegroom, was best man. Among the large and distinguished congregation were the Earl and Countess of Warwick.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

married to the man of her choice, and that, unknown to him, Sabrina had made a will which left him wealthy, but bequeathed the farm and lands to her niece. He had been a mere puppet,



APPOINTED CONTROLLER OF THE ACCOUNTS DEPARTMENT, MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS: SIR GILBERT F. GARNSEY, K.B.E.

Sir Gilbert was included in the recent Order of the British Empire List. He is a partner in the firm of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co., the well-known chartered accountants. He has been appointed Controller of the Accounts Department, Ministry of Munitions, after having assisted in the Finance Department of the Ministry.

Photograph by Copperfield.



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A WELL-DESERVED PEERAGE: NEW GERMAN AEROPLANES.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

AMID the rash of titles which has broken out on the face of the British nation, there are here and there a few so thoroughly becoming as to justify one in classing them as beauty-spots. And among the well-deserved titles is certainly the peerage awarded to Sir William Weir, the Secretary of State for the Air Force. None has worked harder, and few have worked so hard, to win the war, either in the air or on the ground, and few, if any, have as good results to show for their work. When Mr. William Weir took over the job of Controller of Aircraft Supplies under Lord Cowdray, President of the Air Board at the beginning of 1917, the output of aeroplanes was distinctly poor. When Sir William Weir, Director-General of Aircraft Production under Lord Rothermere, the first Air Minister, took over his new duties a year later, the output of aeroplanes was greater than anyone would have believed to be possible, and the Royal Flying Corps, thanks largely to his energy, had the whip-hand of the Hun in the air everywhere.



CHIEF LIAISON OFFICER FOR THE ALLIED GOVERNMENTS, AT THE AIR MINISTRY: MAJOR THE HON. EDWARD A. STONOR, R.A.F.

Major Stonor, uncle of Lord Camoys, is a Clerk in the House of Lords, and is now attached to the Air Board.

Photograph by Langfier.

eminently sensible, for he is far too busy a man to be wasting his time answering hecklers in the House of Commons; and though a Secretary of State may leave such gentry to the answers of an Under-Secretary, so long as he is a member of the Lower House he is always open to the charge of flouting the elect of the people if he does not occasionally attend to questions himself. If, on the other hand, he is a member of the Upper Chamber, he is only called upon once in a while to make a statement concerning his department; and he is then able to do so in an atmosphere of serious dignity which consorts better with the importance of his responsible position. And in the meantime, he is allowed to get on with the war.

The New Fokker Triplane.

the war, one hears that the Germans are again producing a few new types of aeroplanes, which in their way are proving rather more troublesome than the types over which our fighting pilots obtained such an ascendancy last year. The Fokker triplane is one of them; and although its name is known to most people, one does not recall having seen its purpose in life explained. Compared with modern fighting aeroplanes, the Fokker is rather a slow flier, and has quite a low-powered engine, though for its power it climbs well. Its chief feature, however, is its extraordinary manoeuvrability, so long as it does not fall to pieces—for it is abominably badly built. It cannot escape by speed when attacked by fast fighting machines, such as the equivalents of the German Albatros, for example, so it depends solely on dodging, and it dodges

Sir William Weir's Peerage.

Everyone hopes that when the new Air Minister, whatever title he may choose, comes to make his first statement from his place in the House of Lords, he may be able to report still further satisfactory progress. The act of making the Air Minister a peer, apart altogether from the peerage being thoroughly well deserved, is

amazingly. Its purpose seems to be purely the extermination of the Allies' low-flying artillery observation and photography aeroplanes, and those used for attacking troops on the ground—commonly known as ground-strafting. Thus one sees that it is practically a defensive machine only, though it is itself used to some extent for ground-strafting when the Germans are attacking. However, its reputation is nothing like that of its predecessor, the Albatros of 1916-7; and the Fokker monoplane of 1915-6, and it is regarded rather as a nuisance than as a scourge.

Descendants of "Copper Belly."

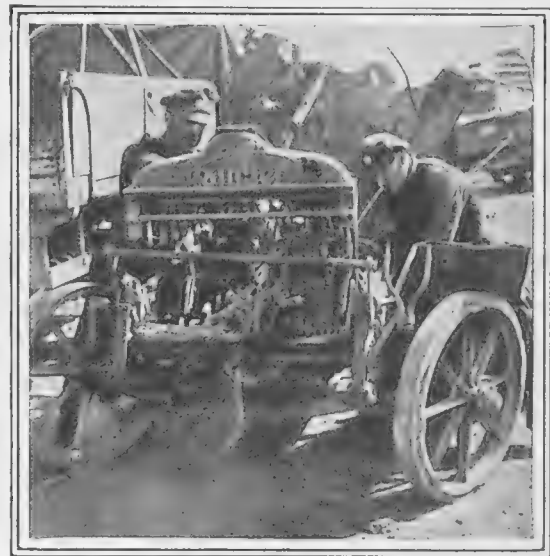
As a kind of adjunct to the Fokker, one hears that the Germans have recently introduced a certain number of machines specially for ground strafing. These machines are somewhat heavy, and so cannot rise to any great height; but as they are intended entirely for low-level work, that is no disadvantage. The idea itself is quite old, because early in

1915 the Germans had a big, fat, comparatively slow biplane up in the Ypres direction which had its underside sheathed in metal. It used to fly quite low, at about 200 to 300 feet, presumably for the purpose of taking photographs of our trench-system, and generally in the afternoon when there were good shadows. Consequently the low sun shining on the body gave it a yellowish appearance, which earned for it the euphonious name of "Copper Belly." When our newer and better machines began to arrive in the middle of 1915, Copper Belly disappeared; but, apparently, his species has been perpetuated and evolved into the new ground-strafters.

A New German High-Flier Biplane.

The other new Hun type is a big, single-engined biplane designed specially for long-distance reconnaissance; and it is used also for the milder but most irritating form of bombing at short range in daylight with comparatively small bombs. The type is produced by several different German makers, and so different examples vary in design; but the general idea is a two-seater biplane built to fly very high, well above the ordinary patrol level of fighting squadrons. The scheme is for these machines to come over singly, at 14,000 to 16,000 feet, so high as to escape observation from the ground, or from patrols in the air; and when they reach their objective to make one dive, drop their bombs, or take their photographs, and then go back unobserved as they came.

The scheme sounds well, but already a number of these special machines have been brought down on our side of the lines; so, apparently, it is not so easy to escape the watchfulness of the R.A.F. patrols as the simple German believes.



MOTOR TRANSPORT WORK IN FRANCE: A SHELL-SHATTERED RADIATOR.—[Official Photograph.]



FOR OUR AIR FORCE: PAINTING BOMBS FOR DROPPING FROM AEROPLANES, AT A BRITISH MUNITION FACTORY.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Wounded France needs your Help

FEW know how France has suffered in the Great War. We are not permitted to know how many of her sons she has lost; we cannot understand how *great* is the devastation of her fair lands, and how crippling is the fact that her industrial regions have been overrun. Yet time after time she has withstood the onslaughts of a mighty foe until Britain and now America could turn the tide; and still bravely sends her best to hold back the hordes that threaten to overwhelm her.

But help her! Help her to restore those who are maimed in her battles, and help her to sustain those who are still left to fight.

Do not delay—this is the hour of need for France. Add your gift—and let it be your sacrifice, for you can offer nothing less to France—to the effort which is being made to show England's friendship and gratitude to our great ally on

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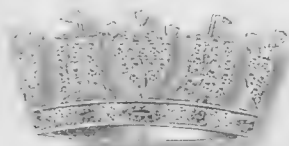
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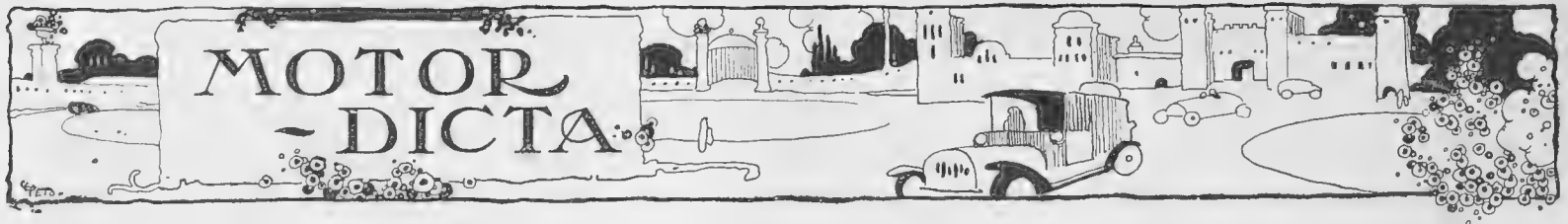
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MOTOR-TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR INTERNED BRITISH SOLDIERS.

By GERALD BISS.

IT is becoming a hardy annual of the prolonged war that at this season of erstwhile approaching holiday one paper should suggest and advance admirable economic and hygienic arguments for a limited release of petrol for purposes of recuperation and necessary recreation—the latter pronounced “re-creation” in curate fashion—while others should contradict the lying jade, and deplore the stringency and short-sightedness of the Berkeley bureaucrats. No; such joys must be left for uninterned Sinn Feiners, sporting revolutionary members—who, if I mistake not, will not find things quite so much their way as heretofore, either as regards motoring or other pleasurable pursuits—and I regard such a discussion as mere copy-spinning; and it is frankly hopeless to look for any symptom of relaxation on the part of their Oil Highnesses. So let us hope that we are in the last lap, and put on a spurt instead of discussing pleasant impossibilities. Big Man Jones Evan, Controller Petrol, as they call him down in his native Cambria, is not to be drawn by the facile stylo of the auto-journalist.

A Lunch With a Purpose.

A charming little lunch in war time is quite a landmark, especially when it is a reunion of friends and forces, and goes a long way as a practical exposition of the futility of the U-boats. I am told that the use of a coupon away from the family roof is in these days the gravest form of marital infidelity. Yet is it not worth it and the subsequent troubles when, under the auspices of the chef of the R.A.C., it spells *hors d'oeuvres* many and various, *filet de sole Cuba*, *selle de Béhague à la Neva*, asperges, and omelette surprise (with chocolate

he was passed through to Switzerland, where he started in an unambitious way, with a minimum of equipment, a school of motor mechanics for the Tommies at Murren, in September 1916. In February 1917 it was moved to Vevey, and in September last, instead of being repatriated in the usual way, he proposed to stick to his work. He paid a flying visit home, however, and the *Autocar* guaranteed the finance of the school upon an extended scale under the aegis of the Red Cross, so that now everything is fully equipped, at the cost of £800, for the training of forty-five prisoners at a time—four to a class—over a comprehensive five months' course, including driving on the seventeen cars belonging to the British and American Legations, which the pupils keep in running repair. Until last month Lieutenant Michael Orde, son of our secretary at the R.A.C., acted as Wallis's right-hand man; but he has just returned to England.



A SCHOOL OF MOTOR MECHANICS FOR OUR MEN IN SWITZERLAND: THE ELECTRICAL ROOM—A DEMONSTRATION IN C.A.V. LIGHTING AND STARTING.



THE LECTURE-ROOM AT THE VEVEY SCHOOL OF MOTOR MECHANICS: EXPOUNDING THE MYSTERIES OF A GEAR-BOX.

As described on this page, a school of motor mechanics has been established at Vevey for British prisoners of war interned in Switzerland. In the upper photograph various types of magnetos are seen in the left foreground. The C.A.V. set was given by the makers.

sauce), gently lubricated by many pre-war fluids, and concluding with a bottle that looked like a fur overcoat and contained the epitome of nearly a century in cognac? This I recount not gloatingly, but to focus your attention, dear reader, upon the meaning behind the menu, as it was no gastronomic gathering of the Ligue des Gourmands or war-worn Brillat-Savarins restoring themselves, but a little *dejeuner* designed to engage the interest of a few workers in the world of motoring in a most admirable cause.

A Motor School for Our Men in Switzerland.

Our host was an enthusiast, but frankly recognised the difficulty of urging the best cause in these jaded days of excellent objects ridden to death and strangled by super-taxation; but this is particularly one which will appeal to motorists, and enlist their practical sympathy to the tune of a few shillings up to a few pounds, as the elasticity of funds allows. Captain Wallis, who was on the staff of the *Autocar* before the war, went out with the contemptible little army and got captured early in the war; and, after the usual pleasant and prolonged Hun hospitality,

A Similar School for Holland.

Already 130 of our prisoners have been trained, and many of them have temporarily secured good private and commercial motoring jobs in the Land of Weary Waiting. At Vevey, under existing circumstances, about a hundred men a year can be put through the course thoroughly; and now not only is there a demand for increased facilities at Vevey itself, but there is an urgent call from Scheveningen, from our prisoners in Holland, for a similar school, which the *Autocar* has promptly guaranteed both as to installation (£1000) and upkeep, acting as guarantee at the same time to subscribers that the money shall not be misspent or the school badly run. It is altogether a splendid little piece of war-work, which should specially appeal to motorists, providing as it does a new profession and a promising future for the men who have been through it in Hunland, not merely as first-class chauffeur-mechanics, but as practical garage-engineers and so forth. Above

all, few folk at home realise the wonderful moral value of such a course to released prisoners in a strange country with nothing to do after a long period of suffering, if not of slavery. Each individual five months' course costs £8 15s., or 1s. 4d. a day per man. That is the practical financial way to look at it; and the address of the *Autocar*, the responsible administrator of this admirable school, is 20, Tudor Street, E.C. 4. Let it not be a hint to a blind motorist! The more 1s. 4d.'s or £8 15s.'s, or proportion of the unit, the more men who can be given the advantages, present and future, of this thorough automobile training.

Income-Taxiarchs. I am warned that it is positively dangerous, though distinctly enriching to the poverty of one's own vocabulary, to mention the subject of income-tax to a taxiarch, or to suggest that under the new regulations he will become an income-taxicabman. This wholesale assessment of their profits, be they “mushes” or mere men, came as a horrid surprise to them after their strikes against starvation and crocodiles' tears at the expense of the mere wretched user.

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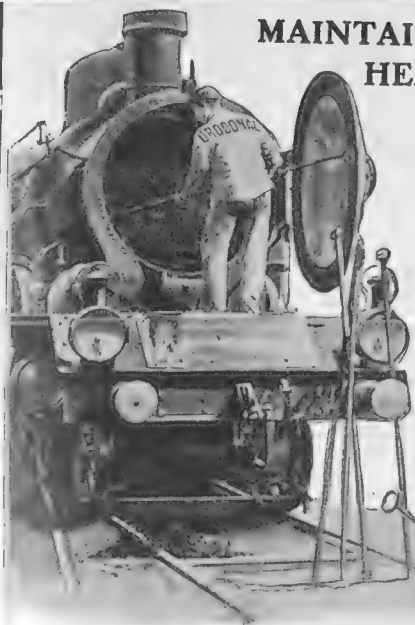
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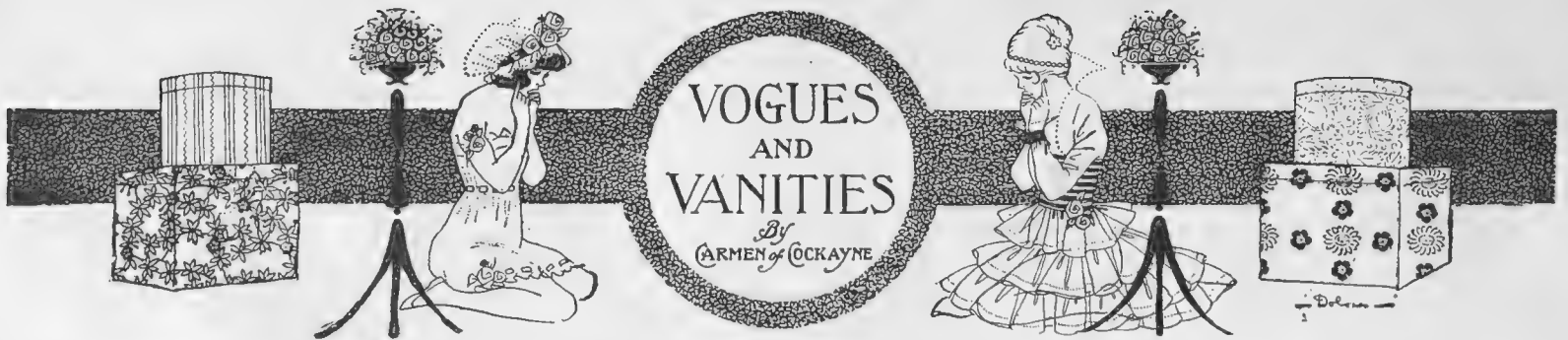
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The Sixth Sense. There are people who scout the idea of a sixth sense. It is because they know no better. It may be that they think that denial of its existence is quite sufficient proof that no given thing exists. But people who are interested in clothes are wise. They will tell you quite frankly about the sixth sense which the sceptical ones refuse to recognise. It is known as the dress sense, and its possession or the want of it makes all the difference in life to the enjoyment of any single individual. Anyone who knows anything about dress admits that the woman who can afford to wear good clothes gets far more pleasure out of life than the woman who has to think three times before adding to her wardrobe. But it is only of late years that parents and guardians, and aunts and god-mothers, and people of that kind, have grasped the fact that the sixth or dress sense is not the exclusive possession of those who have reached years of discretion, but belongs also to the inhabitants of the schoolroom, as well as to the smaller nursery folk.

Other Times, Other Clothes. The old idea that "anything is good enough for children" has gone the way of the exploded theory that "it doesn't matter what you wear at school." Whatever the sufferings of sensitive little people on the score of their personal appearance may have been in the past, it is certain that in nine cases out of ten their lawful guardians in the present day devote quite a lot of time to thinking out schemes to enable extreme youth to present a good appearance to critical people. It is not an easy matter to accomplish in a world where war prices are rampant, and transit difficulties and a shortage of materials conspire to bring despair to the heart of the artist in clothes.



Simplicity is the soul of fashion—of children's fashions, anyhow.



The world is still a delightful place to live in, especially when you are young and can wear clothes like this.

Like a Fairy Godmother. But Providence tempers the wind to the harassed parent. Like the fairy godmother in the story-book, Mme. Barri, of 72, Baker Street, W., is always at hand at the critical moment to produce exactly what is wanted to make everybody, and especially the small body, happy ever after. Just to prove the truth of the statement, Dolores has sketched the delightful hats and coat and jumper and frock that appear on this page. They help to show that there is still a lot of beauty in a world that the horrid Hun is doing his best to spoil.

Loveliness in Lawn.

Fine white lawn would in any case make an attractive medium for a summer frock, whatever the number of its inches. But there can be no doubt that hemstitched frilling, some of which is carried up one side, battalions of tiny tucks, and pale-blue ribbon do go a long way towards enhancing its natural attractions; and that a winged Dutch hat of

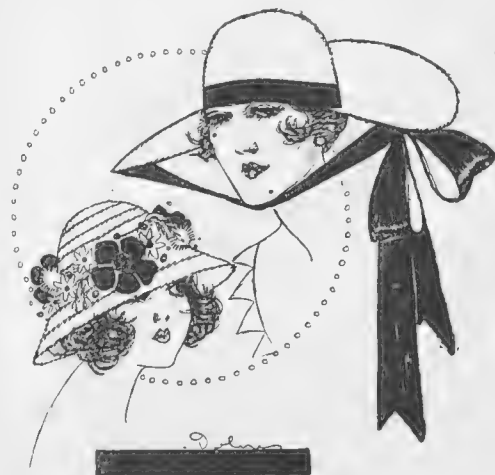
white muslin, or alternatively one more conventional in shape, is just the kind of thing any right-minded child would choose to set the seal of perfection on a well-thought-out scheme. Then, again, there are the footballer's suits. They are especially designed for the use of those who, if they cannot boast much length of leg to their breeches, are at least inordinately proud of wearing breeches at all—as who would not be when the softest of soft white wool went to their knitting and that of the smart white jersey that makes the complete whole? So every suit (even if it is a footballer's one), its hat, and the particular head-covering designed to accompany the outfit described, is a close-fitting affair such as gnomes are known to wear, and has a soft, woolly "knob" on the top of it.

Gaiety in Gingham.

There are times when wool, even the finest and best wool, becomes a little too warm for comfort. For just such times has Mme. Barri—who seems to think of everything—evolved a tunic suit of sprigged gingham. The background is white, and the pattern blue or rose, according to the complexion that Nature has given you; and what helps to make the thing even more becoming is the fact that the scalloped edges are buttonholed with coloured thread that exactly matches the tint of the selected design. Could attention to the detail that is all-important in dress go further? But it is impossible in the space of a single article to describe at length the lovely things whose presence is considered necessary in the perfect juvenile wardrobe these enlightened days. Still, if you do happen to be considering the matter, it is a golden rule to remember that Mme. Barri knows all there is to know about the subject, whether the ultimate wearer measures his life by years or merely hours.



A white muslin frock for a hot summer's day is matched by a white muslin hat.



The flower-trimmed hat is for someone in short petticoats—the other is intended for grown-ups.

A Note for the Grown-Ups.

It is well, too, to bear in mind that the interests of the "grown-ups" are not overlooked at 72, Baker Street. Now that everyone is pledged to help increase the national food-supply, it is only natural that people with up-to-date ideas should design them becoming, as well as practical, dresses in which to do it. There is nothing extravagant, and everything that is novel and attractive, about a gardening "scheme" in which a

skirt made from flowered cretonne is topped by a jumper of plain linen on which decorative bands of the skirt material obviate all danger of monotony. There are different hats to wear with different frocks, but the ribbon-trimmed one with the wide, shady brim that you see here is as becoming as any.



Chin- chin!!

this Glass Lemon is just top-hole—keep on sending it, for it's a thirsty job out here.

TRUST the "Boys" to know a good thing, and their demand for Freemans Glass Lemon is so insistent that we have decided to reserve the whole of our output for the Soldiers and Sailors.

This being so, it will not for the present be possible to obtain Freemans Glass Lemon at home. Everyone will be glad to know that our fighting men can get their full share of this delicious lemonade. It's so easy for them to make, so refreshing and healthful.

FREEMANS GLASS LEMON

can be obtained in all Army, Navy and Y.M.C.A. Canteens, and is lemonade in powder form, requiring no sugar—simply add cold water.

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD.

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MADE IN
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Until quite recently Kiamil Cigarettes have not been obtainable in this country. They have been supplied only to the Expeditionary Forces.

To meet the demand of the officers and men returning either temporarily or permanently from France and their friends, Kiamil Cigarettes are now on sale at all good-class Tobacconists, Stores, Clubs and Restaurants.

The reason why Kiamil Cigarettes are so favoured by connoisseurs is that they are blended in such a way that you may smoke as many as you like and your mouth never becomes bitter, but always remains sweet.

The quality of Kiamil Cigarettes will always be maintained at its present high standard as only the very finest class of tobacco is stocked.

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One Quality Only

EGYPTIAN BLEND.	VIRGINIA BLEND.
Special Size 1.	Special Size 2.
Per 100—12/6.	Per 100—9/6.
„ 50—6/4.	„ 50—4/10.
„ 25—3/3.	„ 20—2/2.

PRICES IN BOND FOR THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES AND NAVY.

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Per 100—8/-.	Per 100—5/6.

Sole Manufacturer: J. CLEMENT.
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SUPPLIED IN
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FOR MORNINGS.
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THE MOST PLEASANT AND SOOTHING OF ALL APERIENTS.

Suitable for persons suffering the pains of Constipation, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Kidney Trouble, Arthritis, Dyspepsia, Inactive Liver, Eczema.

Not a secret remedy—the analysis printed on boxes and labels.

Half a teaspoonful in hot water before breakfast

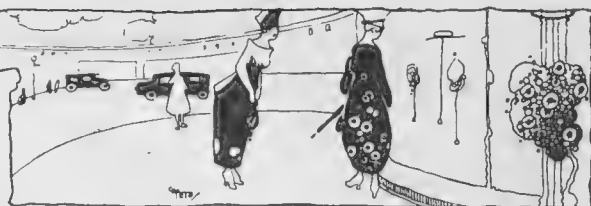
WILL RESTORE THE JOY OF LIVING

Obtainable from Boots' Branches, Selfridge's, Harrods', Whiteley's, Army and Navy Stores, Timothy White's, Henry Hodder's, Hedges, Ltd., Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., and principal Chemists everywhere.

VERY IMPORTANT.—It is essential that you FIRMLY INSIST UPON OBTAINING "JOINTUS SALTS," which preparation contains valuable standardised ingredients, and ALL SUBSTITUTES SHOULD BE STEADFASTLY REFUSED, at whatever price offered. If unable to procure "JOINTUS SALTS" from your chemist, send P.O. or stamps 1/6 addressed to Dept. 7, THE JOINTMENT CO., NOTTINGHAM, when a 1/6 package of "JOINTUS SALTS" will be sent post free by return, together with a large trial package of "JOINTMENT" (the world's best embrocation for Rheumatism, etc.) without extra charge. This offer is also made to readers abroad on receipt of British P.O. 2/6, or unused postage stamps, the extra 1/- being required to cover the additional postage incurred on Overseas orders.



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



The Hunness. I really don't want to touch a Hun woman with a ten-foot pole, but I would like one to have a little wholesome correction by being personally conducted through our best-known shops now the Summer Sales are on. She should see that, after close upon four years of war, we can have all we want, and at prices to turn her green with envy.

Twelve Days of Delight. "Debenham and Freebody's, please," is a very usual direction to taxi-men these days, for the big firm in Wigmore Street started their twelve days' Summer Sale on the 1st. They have reduced everything, and the girl who has had her eye on a fur coat at 29 guineas can now run to it quite comfortably at 23½ guineas. It does make such a difference! Fifty autumn coats and skirts in wool velour, of Debenham's style and cut, at 6½ guineas will very speedily be annexed. In every department of this big house there are exceptional bargains. Sports coats and millinery for the country and for sport have always been a special care with the firm, and remarkable value in them can now be found. There are various styles in jumpers, which are convenient and becoming garments very suitable to the time of year. Altogether, visits to Debenham and Freebody are substantial benefits to purse and person.



"Let's talk of"—Brides! A bridal robe of supple silver tissue embroidered in pearls and white brilliants. A pretty arrangement of the veil is shown in the circle.

arrived, would run into tens of guineas. They are made in plain velours cloth, with smart, handsome, well-cut collars of fine skunk opossum. These are in small, medium, and large sizes, and in purple, navy and brown, green, or mole colours. Owing to paper shortage, the firm have issued no catalogue, but a visit to the establishment will convince customers that the value offered them in all departments cannot be surpassed.

Real Economy. When in doubt pay Peter Robinson a visit; at the Regent Street house a Summer Sale is in progress up to the 27th inst. which will delight the dainty and the careful woman, especially those who are contemplating a well-earned holiday. A smart coating-serge tailor-made suit in navy-blue and black at 98s. 6d. is remarkable value; so is a wrap-coat, a useful garment even in an English summer—and quite a smart one is 73s. 6d. There is a splendid choice in blouses from 8s. 6d. to 43s. 11d. Frocks for everyday wear can be purchased from 35s. to 89s. 6d., all of them smart and pretty. Seventy-five velour hats will be offered at 39s. 6d. each, in new and becoming shapes; whilst there is a choice of other pretty millinery at most reasonable, not to say bargain, prices. One hundred and fifty lingerie frocks from 21s. to 29s. 6d. will be keenly appreciated. There are frocks and suits for juveniles, and

underclothing for all. The sale is also in progress at Peter Robinson's Oxford Street house. Those who cannot visit these sales should write for catalogues.

As Off a Duck's Back.

These are the days to be ready for anything at the will of the weather. Therefore let me remind all my indulgent readers of the merits of Cravenette, shower-proofed by a special process, which is rain and weather-resisting because every separate fibre of the cloth is treated and so made permanently rain-proof, water running off it as harmlessly as off a duck's back. The ventilation is perfect, and there is no smell. Craveneted costumes are very popular, and fit in with war economy ethics, because they outwear any other fabric. These materials are beloved of men in the Services, and are dyed to meet their requirements. Should any difficulty be encountered in obtaining just what is wanted in Cravenette fabric, write direct to the Cravenette Company, Ltd., Dept. 16, Well Street, Bradford. Red Cross, and St. John Ambulance, and Army and Navy nurses know the value of their Cravenette coats or cloaks, which save them many a drenching.

Novel and Nice.

A miniature catalogue is a July sale novelty in itself. What it contains is also novel, for it sets forth quantities of real bargains to be found at the sale held by Samuel Brothers, 221-225, Oxford Street, and 65-67, Ludgate Hill. There is special attraction in boys' and girls' school outfits, which are first-rate, the house making them a specialty. For us women, stockings in mercerised and mixture at 1s. 11d. a pair, which usually sell for 2s. 11d., will be a splendid find; also pyjamas, in various stripes and colourings, at 9s. 3d. which sell freely at 13s. 11d. Some of the bargains in boys' tunic suits are remarkable, being from 7s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. Sports jackets and shorts for the holidays in Donegal, Scotch, and Irish cheviot tweeds from 21s. to 65s. are fine value. Then there are boots, shoes, and leggings in this sale, the purchase of which at the prices and at the quality offered is a distinctly excellent investment; also bargains in the firm's celebrated "Omne Tempus" rainproof coats without rubber—the sale price is only four guineas.

Taste, Style, and Quality.

A Summer Sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's is always welcomed by women who like to turn out well and wish to limit expenditure in war time. Whatever



A nightdress of crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed with lace, which is both simple and becoming.

is shown at this celebrated establishment in Oxford Street and Vere Street bears the hall-mark of good taste, quality, and style. A special attraction lies in washing sports coats in good quality silk and cotton material, white ground with various hued stripes, at 29s. 6d. There are bargains in costumes for every time and occasion—bargains indeed, because they are things one will always feel nice in, and consequently look so. There are bargains in trimmings; ribbons, and millinery; and there is splendid value in gloves and stockings and ties of all sorts. There are

many things for the early autumn which will speedily be picked up, if only for the novelty of them in cut and style. The sale lasts for three weeks from the opening on July 1. The name of Marshall and Snelgrove is in itself a guarantee.

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Cut out the "grouse," boys, here's the "Decca"

TIME and again, in Mr. Philip Gibbs' stirring dispatches, wonderful word pictures visualise for us the highly important rôle played by the gramophone at the Front. Recently he described a young officer whose duty it was to do the "V.C. stunt"—by keeping his battery in action until he could see the whites of his enemy's eyes. "But he was not worrying about that: he had a gramophone in his hut, and we listened to a piece by Kriesler, a 'cello solo by someone else, and a little ragtime to bring us down to earth again. The enemy was within short range and might attack in the morning, but it was a very good gramophone, and music is like water to 'parched souls.'"

As two out of every three gramophones at the Front are "Deccas," it is highly probable that most of the incidents related by Mr. Philip Gibbs have reference to this ideal gramophone for Active Service. The "Decca" is light, portable, self-contained, and immediately opened is ready to play all makes and sizes of needle records.

THE DECCA
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

In Leather Cloth	Compressed Fibre	Solid Cowhide
£6 15 0	£7 17 6	£10 10 0

THE DULCEPHONE CO.,
32, Worship Street, London, E.C. 2.
Proprietors—Barnett Samuel & Son, Ltd.

Of all leading Stores and Music Dealers.
ILLUSTRATED FOLDER, & name of nearest agent, free on application to the Manufacturers.




For the Nurse and Munition Workers

Now so many ladies are engaged in nursing our wounded soldiers, and doing all sorts of rough and dirty work in the national cause, they find it a matter of considerable difficulty to keep their hands nice. The continual use of water and disinfectants ruins the skin and makes the hands rough and harsh. The way to avoid this trouble is to apply a little La-rola every time the hands are washed.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

(The best substitute for Glycerine)

Is a delicately scented toilet milk, neither sticky nor greasy, and is easily absorbed by the skin. It is very economical to use; a good-sized bottle, costing only 1/1½, will last you some time.

In bottles, from all Chemists and Stores.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives the BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

Cerebos SALT

dainty fine and free-running

A message from the Desert

WATERMAN'S IDEAL still maintains the reputation of being, as Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the famous War Correspondent, said long ago, "the only fountain pen which does not dry up or blubber in the desert."



Waterman's (Ideal) Fountain Pen

Styles specially recommended for Active Service, being extra strong and large: No. 54 (Self-Filler), 20/-; No. 44 (Safety), 20/-, Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

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139 & 141, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Fashionable Diamond Initial and Gold Watch Bracelets on Black Moiré Bands or in Regimental Colours.



No. 529.—Fine Diamond Bracelet, with Border of White Enamel, on Black Silk or Regimental Coloured Band, any Initial,
£4 5 0



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18-ct. Gold and Enamel,
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With Diamond Monogram,
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Or with Palladium Wings and Diamond Monogram,
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Solid 18-ct. Gold, Enamel and Diamonds,
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Others from £2 5s. to £30



No. 513.—Fine Diamond Bracelet, with Border of White Enamel, on Black Silk or Regimental Coloured Band, any Initial,
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These Bracelets are supplied with a Gold Adjustable Clip Fastening to fit any Wrist.

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Very effective model Crêpe-de-Chine set—inlet dainty lace insertion—Chemise, Empire style with elastic, whilst the knicker is of the wide skirt style. A set that will charm you. In Ivory, Pink, Sky, Champagne, Helio and Lemon **£2 9 11**

Combinations in Crêpe as above	...	37/6
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Any Military or Naval Crest or Monogram worked on chemise 6/6 extra.

To Country Customers goods are supplied by post on receipt of remittance, carriage paid, with unconditional undertaking that cash will be returned if goods are not in every way satisfactory.

MILANESE VESTS, Embroidered Tops, in Ivory and Pink, only 12/12 each, all sizes.

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TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE

TOILET POWDER.

Relieves Chafing, Redness, Roughness. Soothing and Emollient.

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May be safely used on the most delicate and sensitive skin.

TOILET SOAP

Delightfully perfumed. Promotes the healthy action of the skin.

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CRITERION. "YOU NEVER KNOW, Y'KNOW." THE FURIOUSLY FUNNY FARCE. Every Evening, at 8. Matinees Weds., Thurs., and Sats., at 2.30. (Ger. 3844.)

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PRINCE OF WALES. "FAIR AND WARMER." FAY COMPTON, Margaret Halstan, Billie Carleton, Ronald Squire, George Relph, and DAVID MILLER. The best laugh in London.—Daily papers.

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THE ÆOLIAN COMPANY'S FREE SMOKING CONCERT on SUNDAY NIGHT at 7 p.m. for SOLDIERS, SAILORS, and their FRIENDS, at the ÆOLIAN HALL, 135, NEW BOND STREET, W. All seats free.

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Elvery's world-renowned special light-weight Stormproof, fitted with **now only 35/6** adjustable Belt, best London finish

A unique feature of this Model is that the Coat can be rolled & slung over shoulders by means of the Belt itself.

To prevent delay owing to present conditions, these Coats are stocked in fifteen sizes, and can be sent by **return of post free of postage.**

ON APPROVAL.—Send height and bust measurement, together with remittance. All moneys refunded in full immediately on receipt of any parcel returned.

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Estd. 1850. (One door from New Bond St.)
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you guard against the annoyance of continually breaking laces. Paton's Laces are quality laces, made of hundreds of mercerised threads so as to give long service. They never become shabby as the dyes are fast—so are the tags.

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Medium :
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PREJUDICE
the patent Tight-Hair keeps
from the forehead.

Insist upon the
Tight-Hair—
it makes all the
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SOLD BY
ALL DRAPERS,
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Prices—Superior Quality Covers.

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The latest, warmest, and lightest Sleeping Bag on the market, found ideal for active service. Note weights. Designed to pack up very small.

	Weight
Eiderdown, ordinary size ...	84/- 1½ lb.
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Stuffed best Artio Down ...	60/- 2½ "
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Light Rubber Bag to cover all round, same size for use in open or under carts, etc. ...	30/- 1½ "

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Fur Coats
F. U. 119. 3 only.
In Seal Coney, trimmed Natural Raccoon, Nutria, and dyed Raccoon.
Usually ... 33 Gns.
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Dainty Crepe Gown, embroidered in self shade. In Nigger, White, Pink, Helio, Rose and Black.
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ONE WEEK ONLY

All-Wool Jersey
K. C. 3023. Light-weight for present wear. In Ivory, Grey, Champagne, Saxe, Amethyst, Mauve, Flesh, Sky, Green, Buff.
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Drapery Goods Post Free. None sent on approval.

Hat Wreath
A. F. 587. Of dull green foliage, with smart ribbon bow in Vieux Rose, Navier, Beige, Navy.
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B. S. AURIOL
Voile Shirt, in coloured stripes on white ground, or floral design in a variety of shades.
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In light-weight black - and - white overcheck suiting. Coat lined silk.
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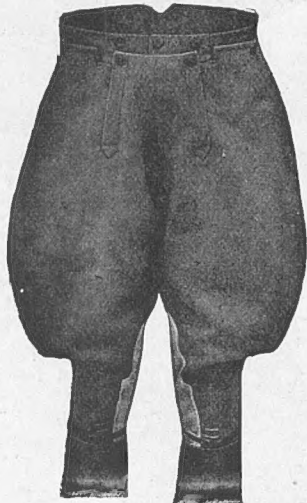
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IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with entire confidence. Address as above.



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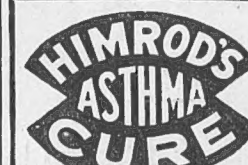
"Rador" Face Creams are guaranteed (under £500 penalty) to contain ACTUAL RADIUM (not Radio-active water) and to retain the radio-activity permanently.

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